



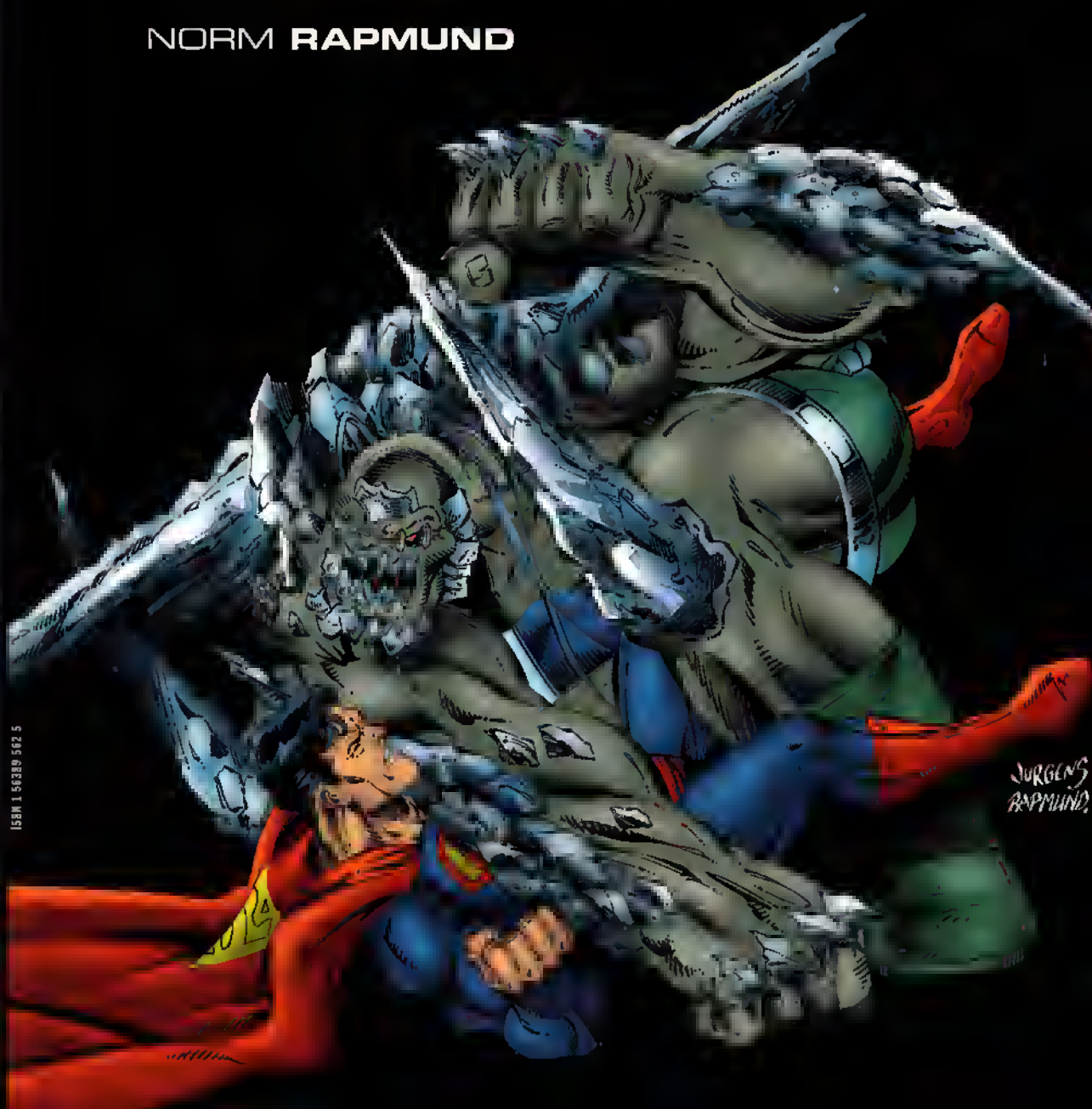
SUPERMAN[®]

THE DOOMSDAY

WARS

DAN JURGENS

NORM RAPMUND



JURGENS
RAPMUND

ISBN 1 56389 562 5

He thought the terror was finally over.

Superman had imprisoned his most formidable enemy, Doomsday, at the end of time. But now, the murderous juggernaut has returned to Earth more powerful than ever. Even the mighty Justice League stands powerless against him.

Will Superman forsake a promise to save the infant son of his oldest friend in order to join the battle?



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SUPERMAN: THE DOOMSDAY WARS

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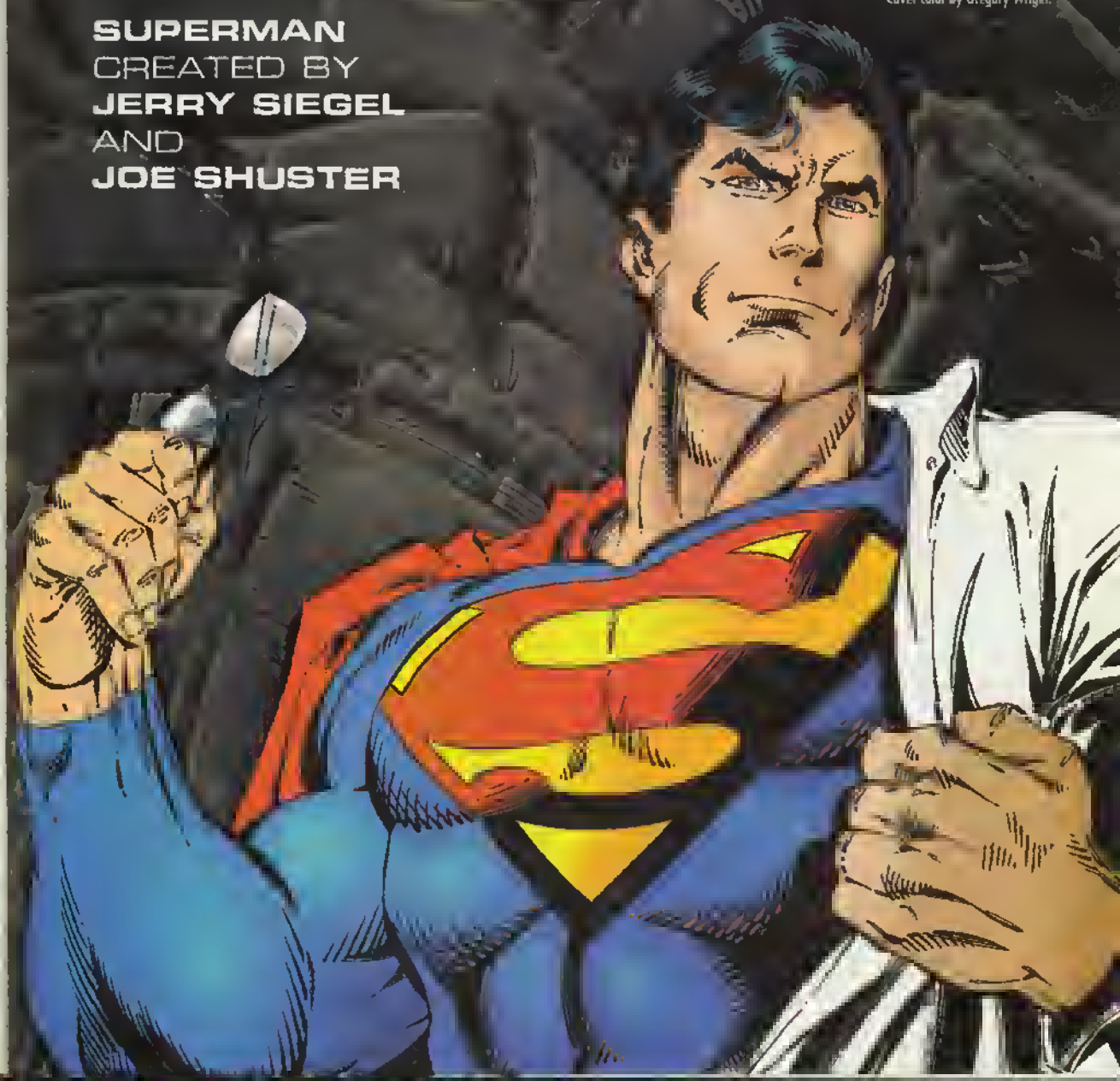
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THERE ARE CERTAIN EVENTS
IN EVERYONE'S LIVES THAT
ARE NEVER FORGOTTEN.

MEMORIES, RECALLED WITH
SUCH TREMENDOUS CLARITY
THAT THEY'RE AS TANGIBLE AND
RELIABLE AS THE MORNING
NEWSPAPER.

DON'T KNOW WHY, EXACTLY...
BUT ONE OF THOSE
GALVANIZING MEMORIES
JUST POPPED INTO MY
HEAD.

A DARK, COLDER-THAN-
COLD JANUARY NIGHT
IN KANSAS.

LANA, PETE, AND I...
WE'RE ALL ABOUT
FIFTEEN.

OUR FIRST
EXPERIENCE
WITH DEATH.

IF YOU
ASK ME, WE
ALL OUGHTTA
HAVE OUR
HEADS
EXAMINED.







WITHOUT A
DOUBT.

THIS STORM SNUCK
UP ON US SO FAST, WE
NEVER HAD A CHANCE
TO BRING 400 HEAD
OF CATTLE INTO
THE BARN.

THE ENTIRE HERD'S
BEEN TRAPPED FOR
DAYS WITHOUT FOOD,
WATER, OR SHELTER.



SO WE SERVE 'EM
UP A NICE MEAL
OF HAY DU JOUR,
PROVIDING WE
GET THERE.

PETE'S RIGHT,
THIS ROAD LOOKS
COMPLETELY
SNOWED IN,
IMPASSABLE.

OH, WE'LL MAKE
IT ALL RIGHT. IF WE
DON'T, THE LIVESTOCK
WILL STARVE OR
FREEZE, AND
THAT--



--IS
COMPLETELY,
TOTALLY
UNACCEPT--

CLARK!
LOOK
OUT!



OH, WOW.
THIS DRIFT HAS
GOTTA BE EIGHT
FEET HIGH.

GET THE
SHOVELS.
QUICK.

WE CAN DIG
OUT, BUT WE
CAN'T DIG
THROUGH
THIS DRIFT,
CLARK.

SOON
AS WE'RE
CLEAR, WE'RE
TURNING
BACK.

NO WAY!
IF THAT HERO
DIES, MY
DAD GOES
BROKE!

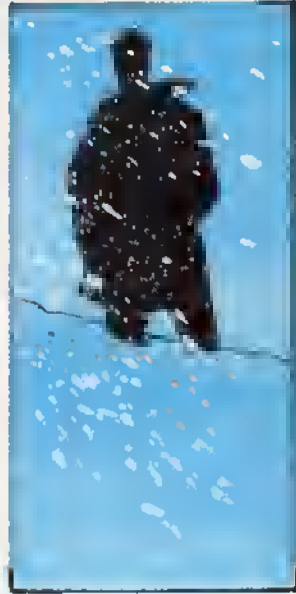
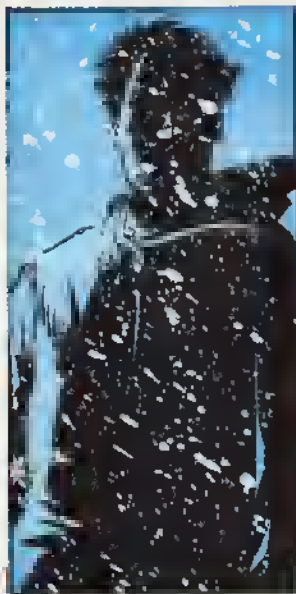
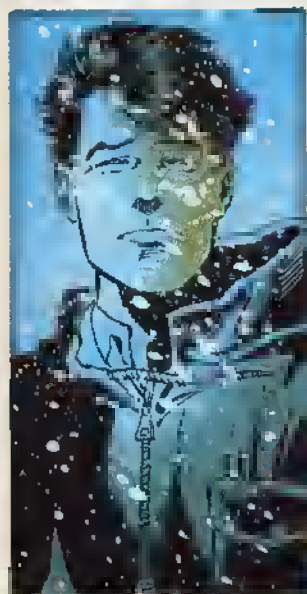
WE CAN
LET THAT
HAPPEN!

CLARK, IT'S
SNOWING
HARDER THAN
EVER! I... I
THINK PETE
IS RIGHT!

YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND
AND YOU KNOW I DON'T
WANNA LET YOU DOWN,
BUD...

--BUT IF
WE PUSH
ON, WE'RE
LIABLE
TO GET
STRANDED
AND FREEZE
OUR-
SELVES.

WE HAVE TO
GIVE UP, WE
HAVE TO.





THE ODDS WERE
IMPOSSIBLE.

IT WAS THE THREE OF US
AGAINST THE WORST,
MOST GODFORSAKEN
BLIZZARD EVER.

BEFORE I HAD
MY POWERS.

OVER TWENTY YEARS
...AND I REMEMBER IT
LIKE IT WAS YESTERDAY.

THREE
KIDS--

--AGAINST
IMPOSSIBLE
ODDS.

DAUNTING.

BUT NOT AS
DAUNTING
AS THIS.

THREE TONS PLUS OF
RUBBLE DUMPED ON
ME LIKE THAT STORM
DUMPED ON KANSAS.

BUT THIS TIME...
I HAVE MY POWERS.

RUUUNNNCH

A full-page comic book illustration of Superman flying through a city of rubble. He is in the center, wearing his classic blue suit with a red and yellow 'S' shield, a red cape, and a yellow belt with a silver buckle. His arms are outstretched forward, and he has a determined expression. The background is a chaotic scene of destroyed buildings and debris, with a bright yellow glow emanating from behind him, suggesting a powerful force or explosion. The art style is classic comic book illustration with bold lines and a rich color palette.

SOME CALL ME THE
MAN OF STEEL.

SOME, THE MAN OF
TOMORROW.

MOST CALL ME
SUPERMAN.

BRAINIAC!





FORTUNATELY, I NEVER GIVE IN TO HUMAN FRAILTIES AND WEAKNESSES!

NOT WHEN I CAN DO THIS!



YOU HAVE WITHSTOOD MY PSI-BLASTS BEFORE--

--BUT NOT WHEN THAT FORCE WAS DRAMATICALLY INCREASED WITH MY AMPLIFICATION UNITS!

-YARRRGH!-



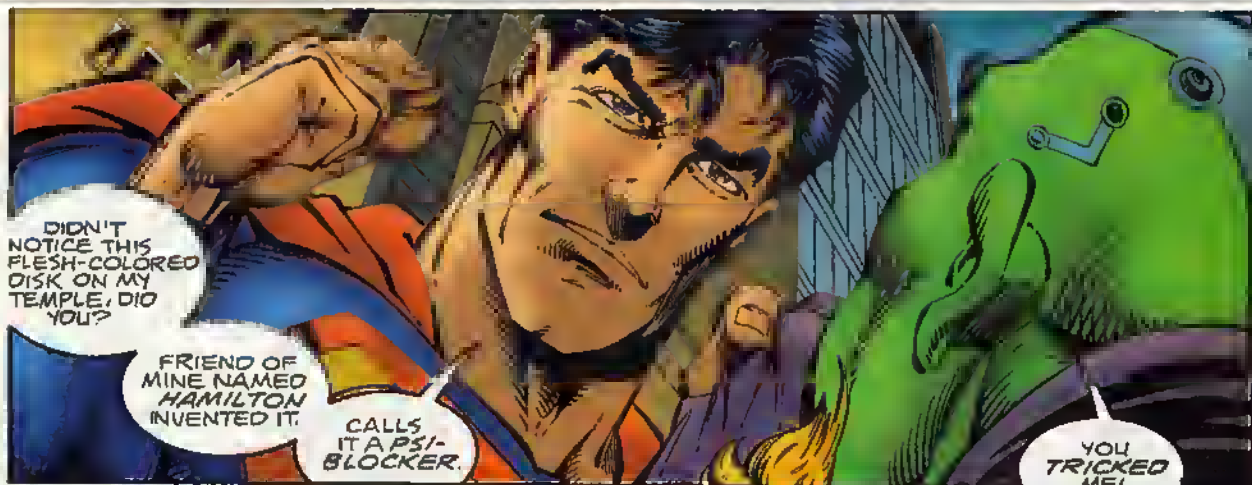
SO MIGHTY.

SO PROUD.

SICKENING TRAITS THAT MAKE THIS--

--MUCH MORE ENJOYABLE.





I DIDN'T PLAN WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.



CALL IT A
RESULT OF
CHAOS
ON THE
BATTLE-
FIELD.

BRAINIAC AND I HAD SPENT
AN HOUR TURNING METROPOLIS
INTO A CONCRETE REPAIR-
MAN'S DREAM.



BY THEN, MOST PEOPLE
KNOW ENOUGH TO
STAY AWAY.

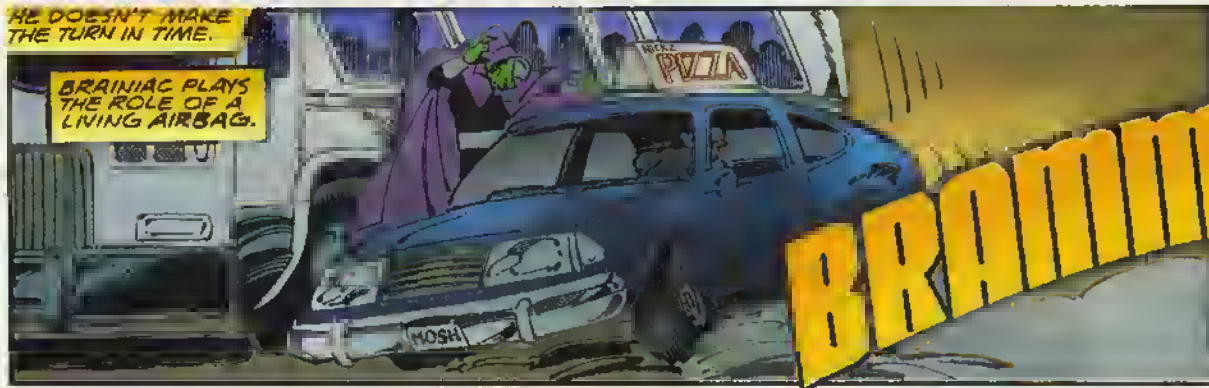
MAYBE THE KID
DOESN'T HAVE A
RADIO IN HIS CAR.

MAYBE HE WAS
PROMISED A
BIG TIP, IN
ANY CASE--

HOLY--!

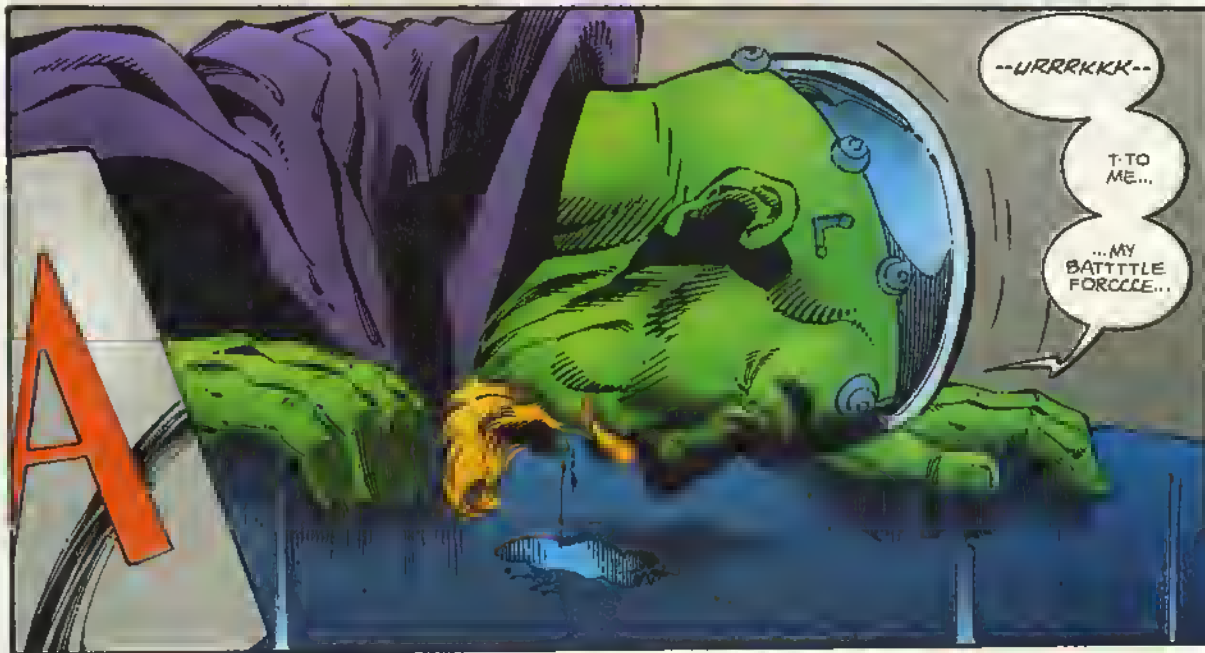
SKREEECH

HE DOESN'T MAKE
THE TURN IN TIME.



BRAINIAC PLAYS
THE ROLE OF A
LIVING AIRBAG.

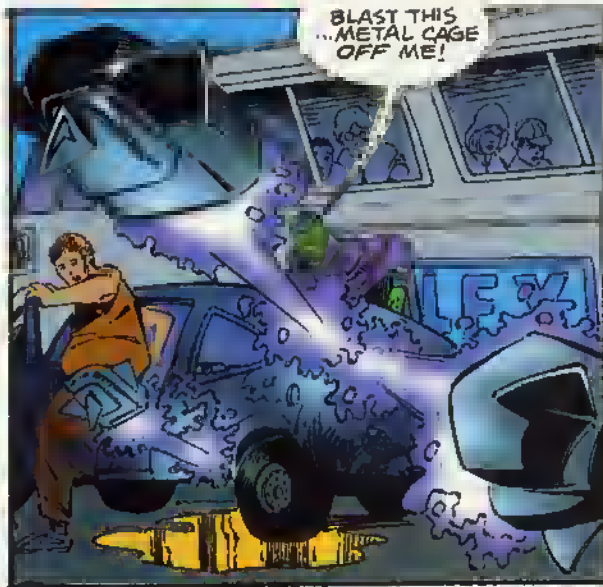
BRAMMM



--URRRKKK--

T-TO
ME...

...MY
BATTTLTLE
FORCCLE...



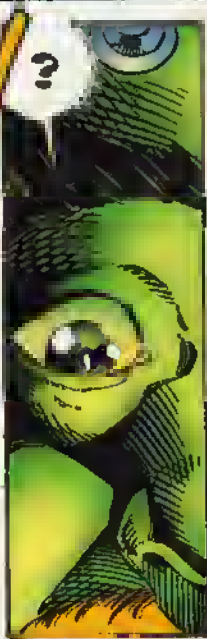
BLAST THIS
...METAL CAGE
OFF ME!



NO!
HIS GAS
TANK
BURST
IN THE
CRASH!



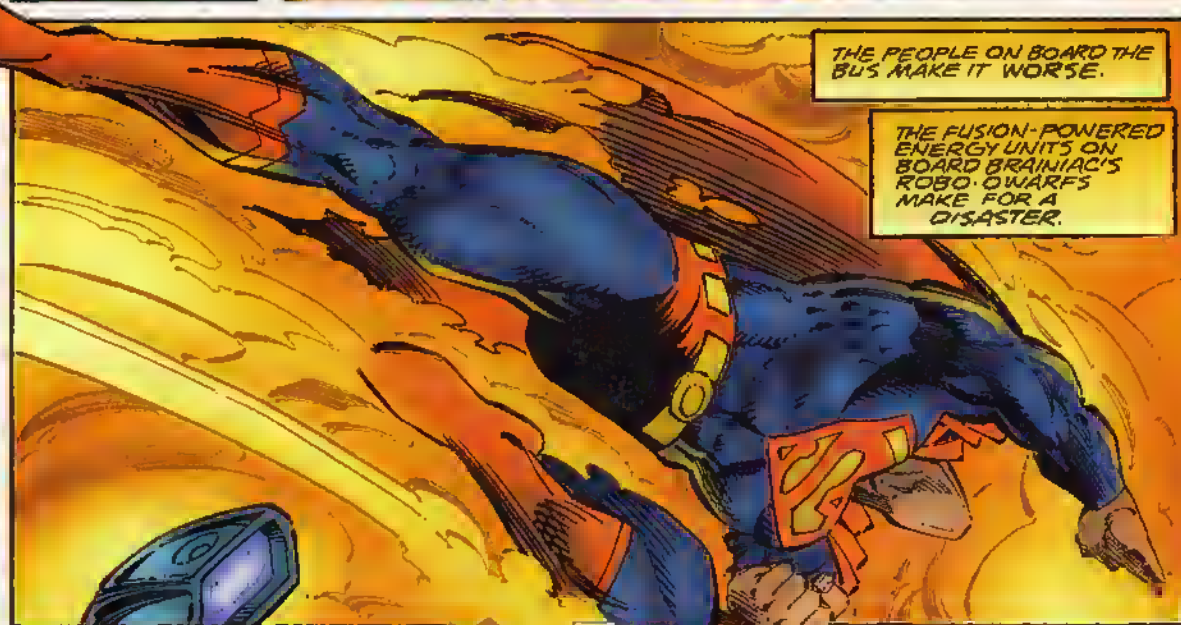
TOO
LATE!



?

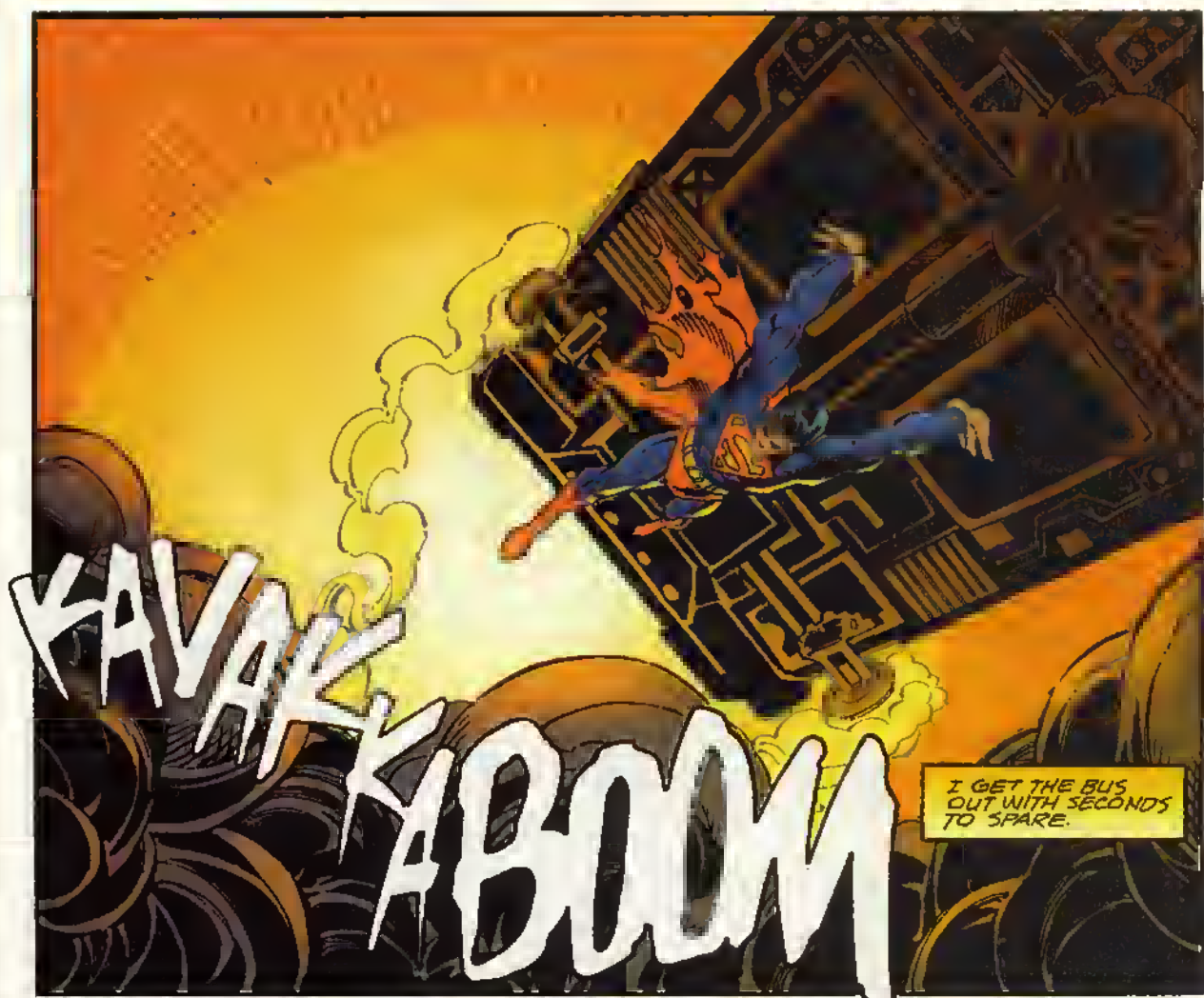


THE FIRE MAKES
FOR A BAD
SITUATION.

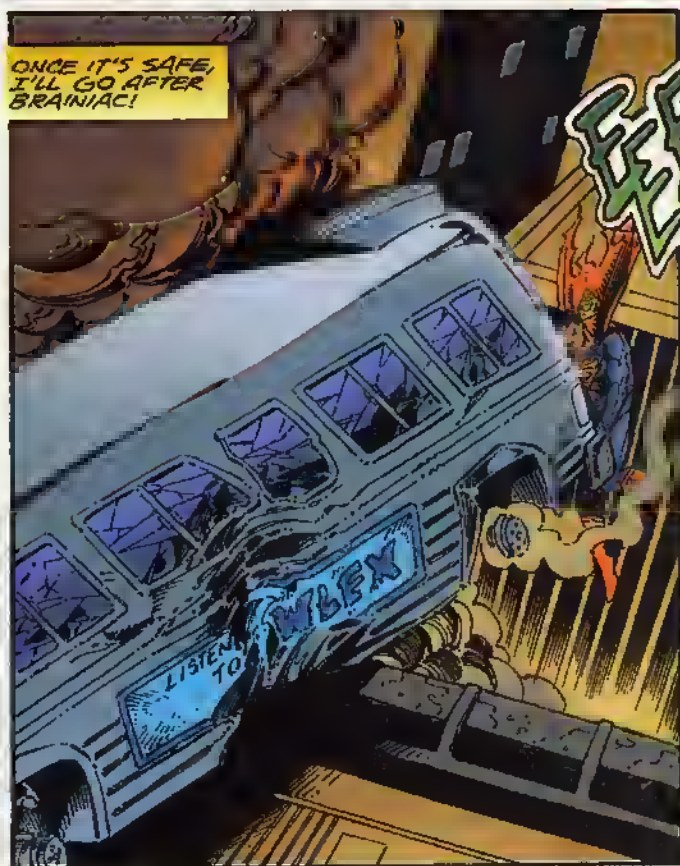


THE PEOPLE ON BOARD THE
BUS MAKE IT WORSE.

THE FUSION-POWERED
ENERGY UNITS ON
BOARD BRAINIAC'S
ROBO-OWARFS
MAKE FOR A
DISASTER.



I GET THE BUS
OUT WITH SECONDS
TO SPARE.



ONCE IT'S SAFE,
I'LL GO AFTER
BRAINIAC!

FEYARRGH!!

SHOULDN'T
HAVE TAKEN
OFF HAMILTON'S
BLOCKING
UNIT.

BRAINIAC'S
PSYCHIC
SCREAM OF
PAIN RIPS
INTO ME LIKE
A STARVING
LION GOES
AFTER RED
MEAT.

-HUNH!-



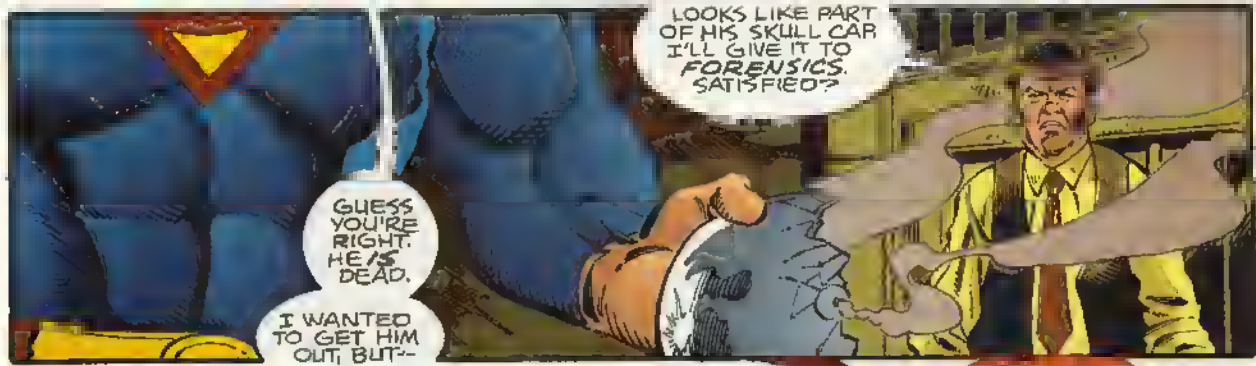
FAT CHANCE!
THAT WAS NO
WIENIE ROAST,
SUPERMAN!

THANKS
TO THE WEIRD
CHEMICALS IN
THOSE FLOATERS
OF HIS, IT WAS
AN INFERNO!

THE MAN
DID NOT
SURVIVE!

"MAN"? THIS
IS **BRAINIAC**
WE'RE TALKING
ABOUT.
REMEMBER
THAT.

WHAT'S
THAT?



LOOKS LIKE PART
OF HIS SKULL CAP
I'LL GIVE IT TO
FORENSICS.
SATISFIED?

GUESS
YOU'RE
RIGHT.
HE'S DEAD.

I WANTED
TO GET HIM
OUT, BUT--



BUT YOU WERE TOO
BUSY TAKIN' CARE OF
THE PEOPLE ON
THAT BUS!

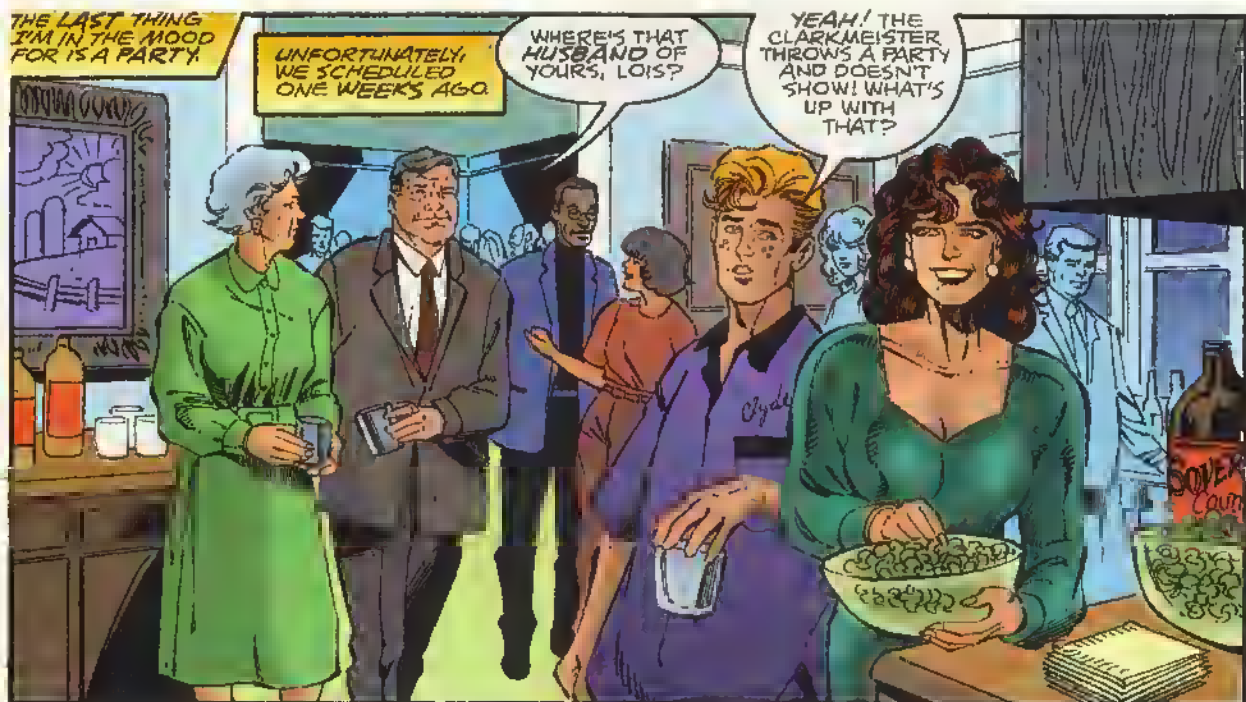
WASN'T YOUR FAULT
SOME OF 'EM NEEDED
TO GET TO THE HOS-
PITAL BECAUSE THEY
INHALED THOSE
CHEMICALS FROM
THE FIRE.



YOU SAVED A
BUS FULL O'
INNOCENT PEOPLE,
SUPERMAN! GAVE
'EM LIFE! AIN'T
NOTHING TO
APOLOGIZE
FOR!

THANKS,
TURPIN.

I KNOW TURPIN'S
RIGHT, OF COURSE.
BUT I STILL FEEL A
SENSE OF SORROW
OVER BRAINIAC'S
APPARENT DEATH.



CAT, I FEEL LIKE AN INSENSITIVE MORON FOR THROWING A PARTY TODAY OF ALL DAYS! PLEASE FORGIVE ME!

NO PROB, LOIS! HELPS TAKE MY MIND OFF MY TROUBLES.

OFF ADAM.

I ADMIRE YOU, CAT. LOSING A FRIEND WOULD BE THE WORST TRAGEDY OF ALL.

IT'S LIKE FALLING INTO A PRIVATE HELL YOU CAN'T CLIMB OUT OF.

I BLAMED MYSELF FOR NOT PROTECTING ADAM, FOR NOT BEING THERE WHEN I HAD TO BE--

--EVEN THOUGH IT WAS THE TOYMAN...WHO KIDNAPPED HIM.

SUPERMAN DID EVERYTHING HE COULD TO RESCUE ADAM.

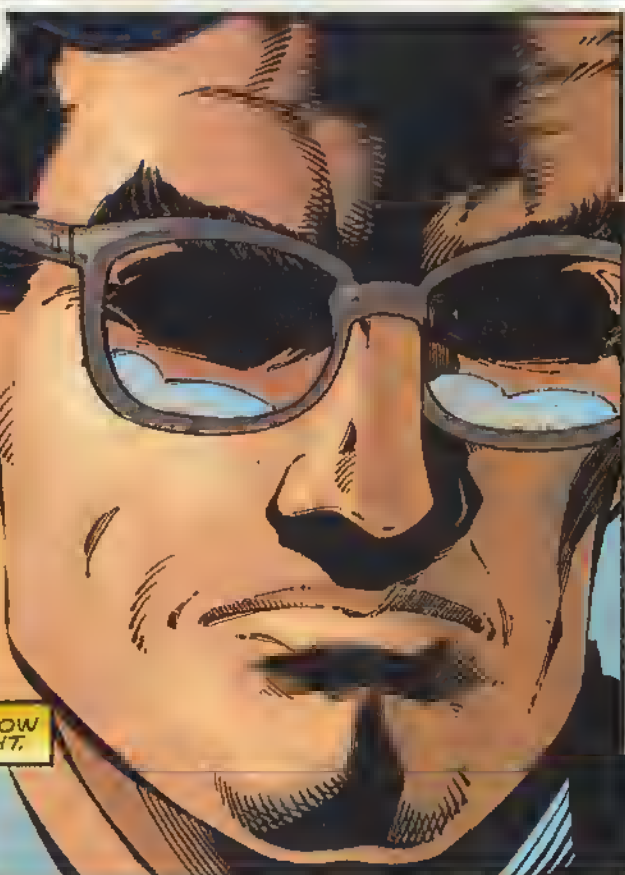
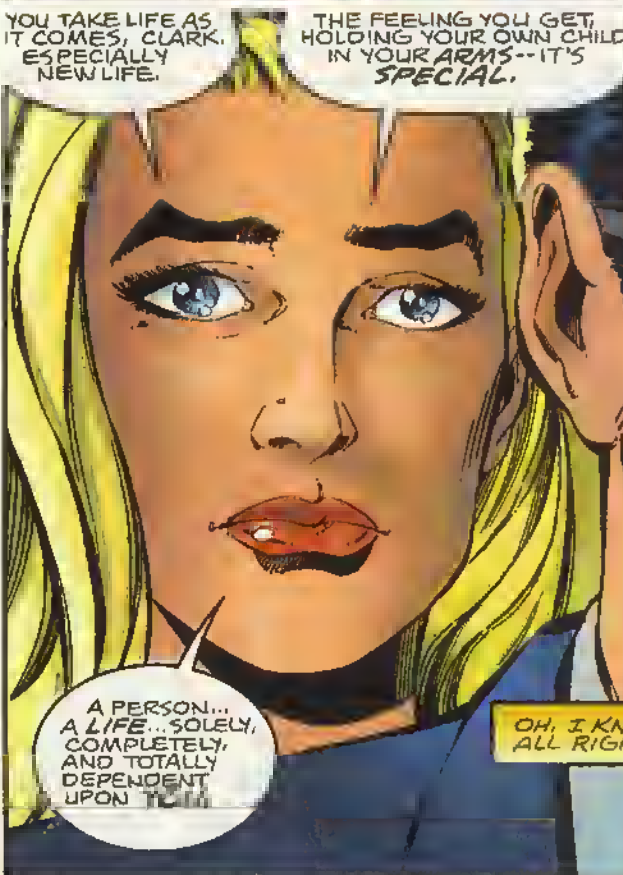
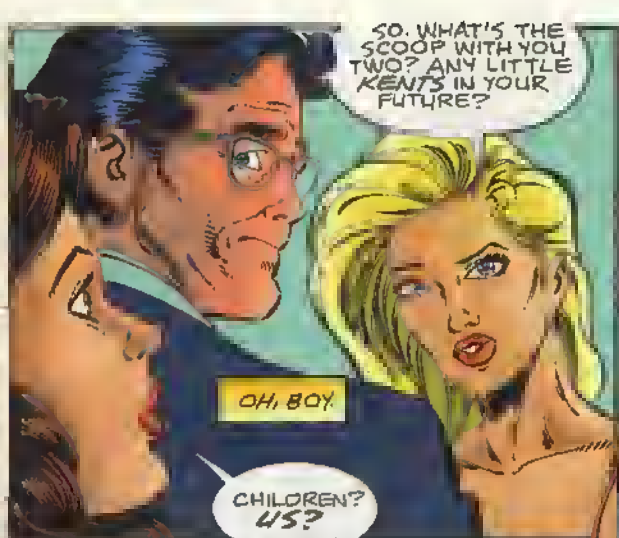
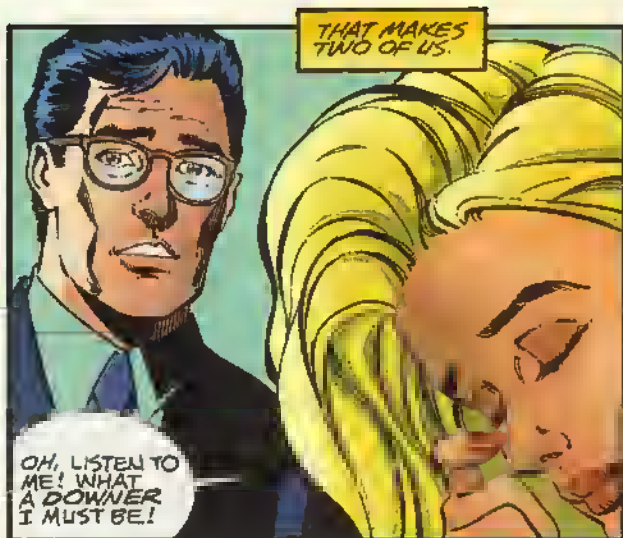
BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH.

MY MOST SIGNIFICANT FAILURE. A LITTLE BOY DIED BECAUSE I COULDN'T FIND HIM IN TIME.

SOME SUPERMAN I AM.

I DREAM ABOUT ADAM EVERY NIGHT, EVERY SINGLE NIGHT!

THE DEVIL HIMSELF COULDN'T NAME A PRICE I WOULDN'T PAY TO HAVE MY BABY BACK.



I KNOW.

DIG!

SOON
AS WE'RE
OUT, WE
PUSH
ON!

WE CAN'T
MAKE IT, CLARK!
WE GOTTA TURN
AROUND AND GO
BACK!

NOT A CHANCE,
LANA! PA'S
DEPENDING ON
ME. IT'S MY
RESPONSIBILITY!

CLARK-O, YOUR
NUMERO UNO
RESPONSIBILITY
IS TO YOUR-
SELF.

YOU THINK YOUR
DAD WANTS YOU
TO FREEZE TO
DEATH OUT HERE
FOR THE SAKE
OF SOME DUMB
OLD COWS?

BUT THEY'LL
DIE, PETE,
ALL OF 'EM!

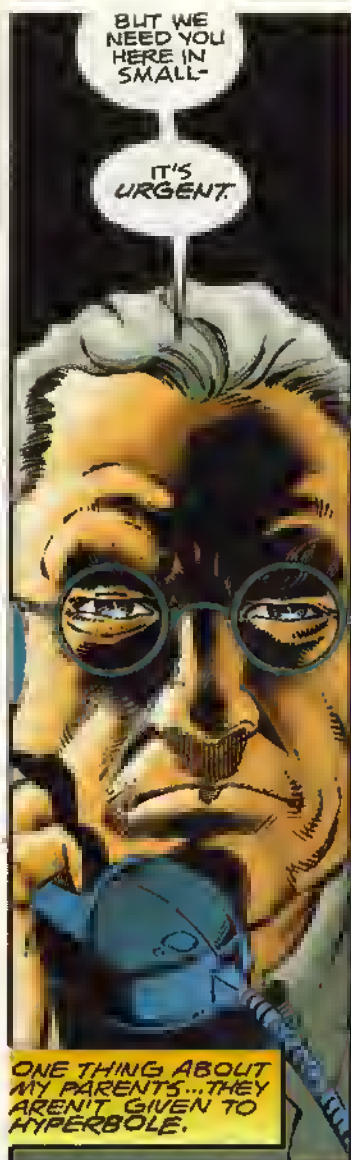
YOU
DID YOUR
BEST, BUD.
WE ALL
DID.

HOW...
HOW CAN
I FACE
PA?

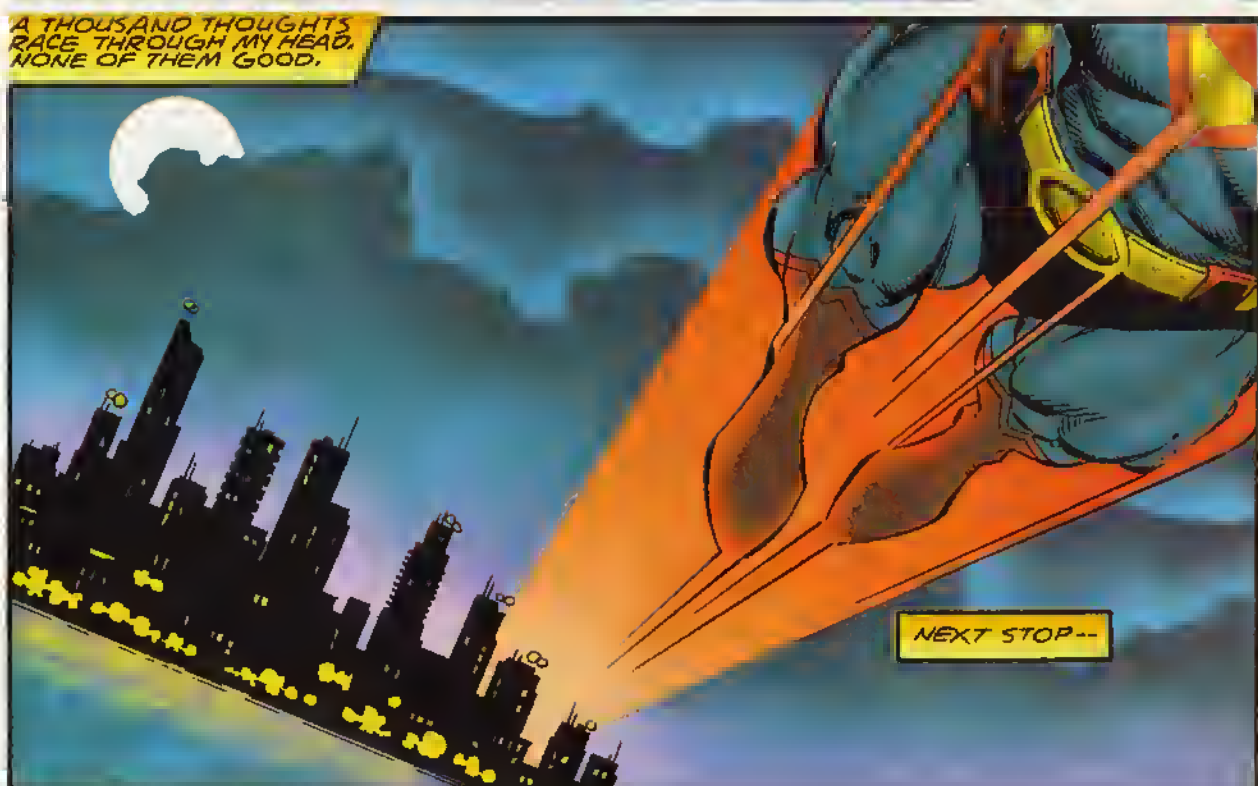
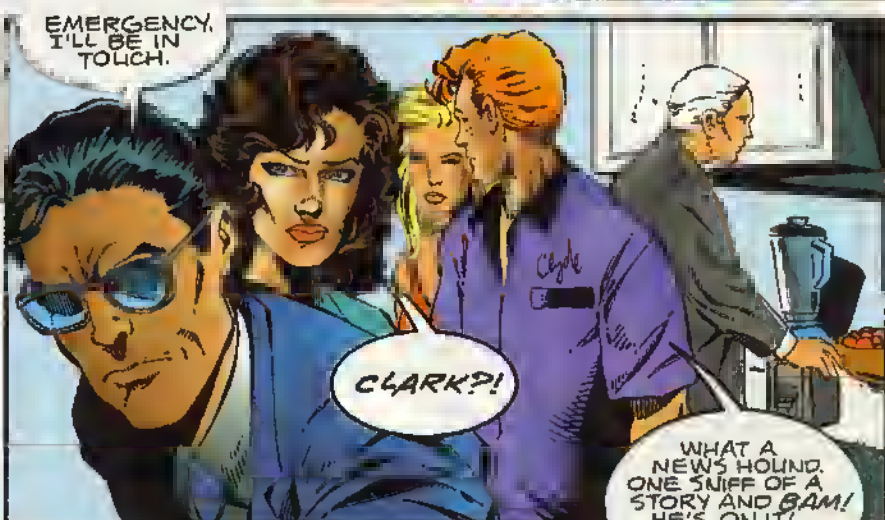
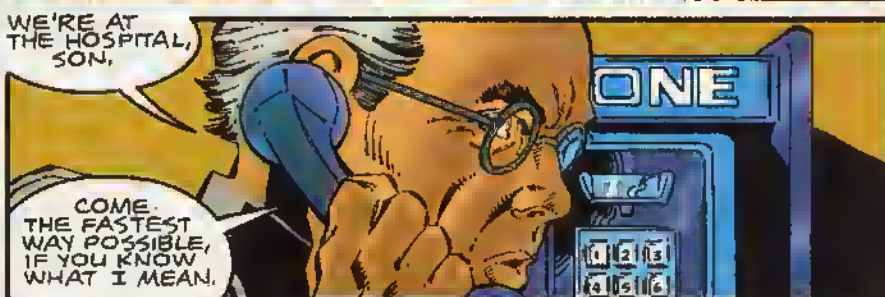
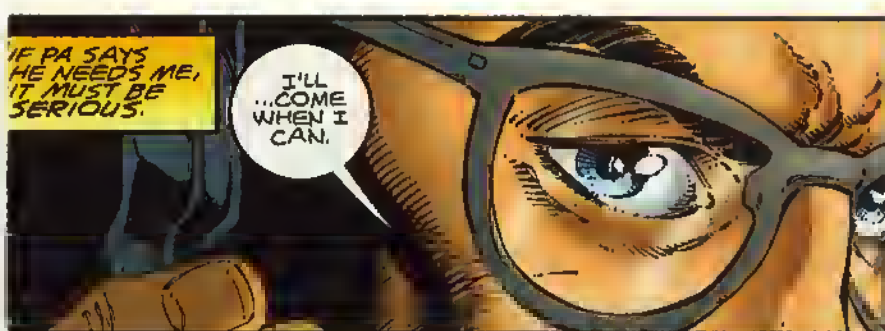
HOW
CAN I
LOOK HIM
IN THE
EYE AND
TELL
HIM--

--I
FAILED
?





A THOUSAND THOUGHTS RACE THROUGH MY HEAD. NONE OF THEM GOOD.





OH, JONATHAN... I PRAY WE DID THE RIGHT THING, BRINGING HIM INTO THIS.



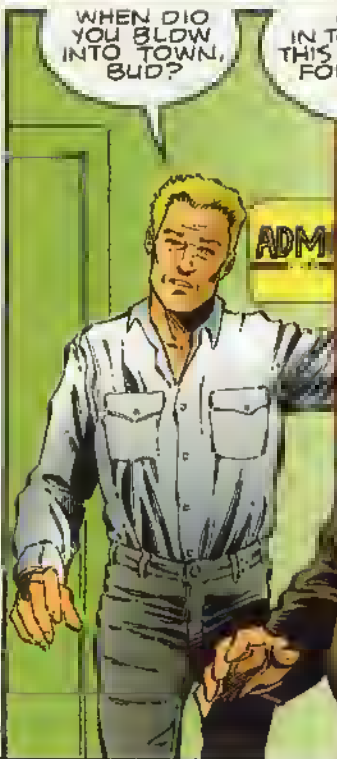
WE HAD TO. IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!



CLARK-O? IS THAT YOU?

WHAT IS? WHO'S DYING?

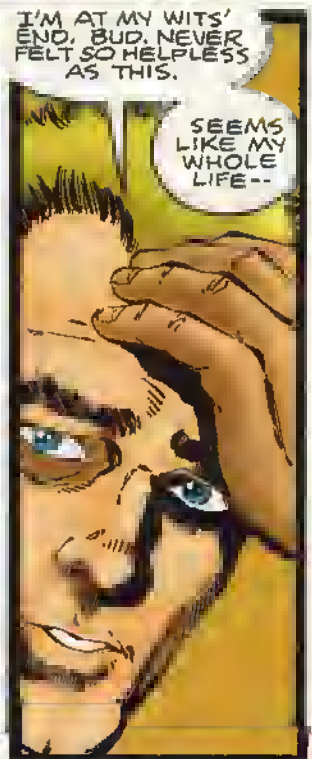
CLARK! LAND SAKES! BE CAREFUL, DEAR!



HE JUST GOT IN TONIGHT, PETE. HAD THIS WEEKEND PLANNED FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS NOW!



PETE ROSS?! LOOK, WILL SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON?



I'M AT MY WITS' END, BUD. NEVER FELT SO HELPLESS AS THIS.

SEEMS LIKE MY WHOLE LIFE--



"...IS A
WRECK!"

GOOD LORD!
NEVER THOUGHT...
ANYTHING
COULD MOVE
SO FAST!

THAT ANY BEING
COULD DO THIS!

MUSTA KILLED...
ALMOST TWENTY
PEOPLE ALREADY.

BUT... I
THOUGHT
HE WAS
DEAD!

MARTINSON
TO HEADQUARTERS!
CALL OUT THE
NATIONAL GUARD!
BETTER YET--THE
JUSTICE LEAGUE!

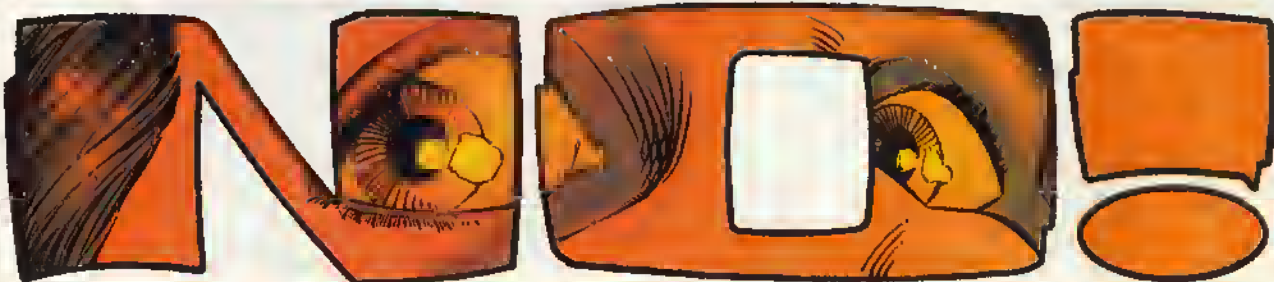


OH, NO. HE'S
COMING BACK!
HE'S COMING
BACK!

MARTINSON!
WHAT'S HAPPENING
OUT THERE?
WHO'S COMING
BACK?



STAY
AWAY! STAY
AWAYYYYY!



HAVE TO ADMIT THAT I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE, CLARK-O. IT'S LANA.

SHE WAS HOSPITALIZED THIS MORNING, AND I'M AFRAID SHE'S IN TOUGH SHAPE.

WHAT HAPPENED, PETE? SHE SICK OR--?

CAR ACCIDENT. BROADSIDED BY A GRAIN TRUCK ON HIGHWAY 55. INTERNAL INJURIES, BUT SHE'LL LIVE.

THAT'S A RELIEF! THE WAY EVERYONE WAS ACTING, I FEARED THE WORST.

IF SHE'S AWAKE, I'D LOVE TO LOOK IN ON HER.

Radio

NOT THAT SIMPLE. PHYSICALLY, YEAH. SHE'S OKAY. EMOTIONALLY...

PETE, WHAT AREN'T YOU TELLING ME?

WHAT'S THE REAL PROBLEM?

LANA WAS PREGNANT, CLARK. SEVEN MONTHS. THE TRAUMA FROM THE ACCIDENT CAUSED HER TO DELIVER EARLY, AND ...WELL...

...THERE'S NO EASY WAY TO SAY IT. THE BABY'S BARELY, BARELY HANGING IN THERE.

PREGNANT?
I HAD NO IDEA!
WHY DIDN'T YOU
TELL ME?

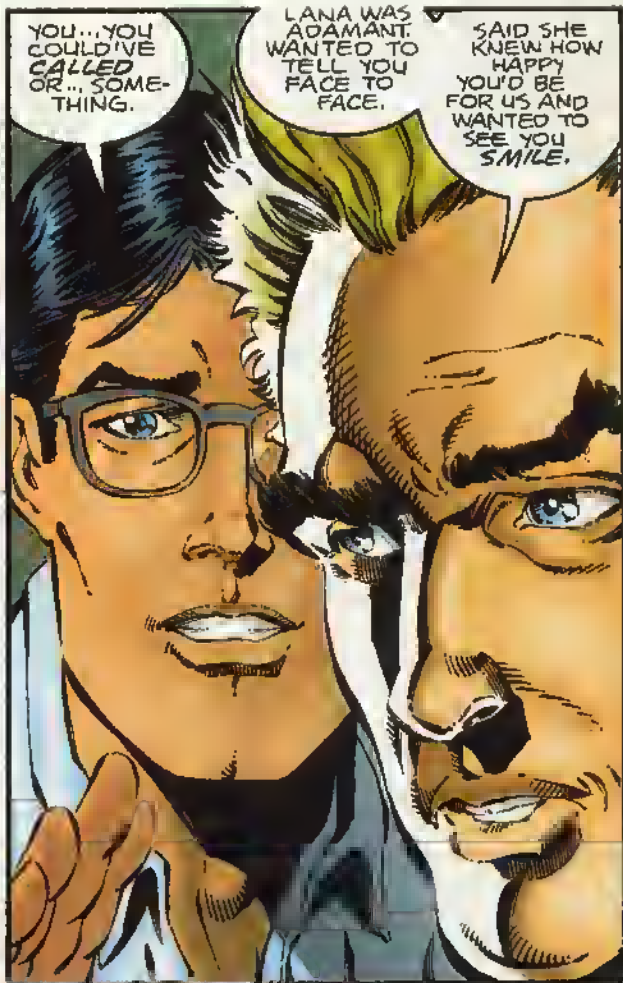


YOU'RE OUR
BEST FRIEND,
CLARK! WE
WANTED TO
TELL YOU IN
PERSON, AND
LET'S FACE IT--
YOU HAVEN'T
BEEN AROUND
MUCH LATELY.

YOU...YOU
COULD'VE
CALLED
OR... SOME-
THING.

LANA WAS
ADAMANT.
WANTED TO
TELL YOU
FACE TO
FACE.

SAID SHE
KNEW HOW
HAPPY
YOU'D BE
FOR US AND
WANTED TO
SEE YOU
SMILE.



SOUNDS
LIKE HER.

MAYBE
IT'S BETTER
IF SHE
DOESN'T
SEE ME
NOW.



FRANKLY,
SHE'S BEEN
HOPING
YOU'D COME.
ALMOST
FRANTIC
ABOUT
IT.

CLARK?!
FLANK
HEAVEN
YOU'VE
COME!




PETE'S FILLED
ME IN, LANA.
HOW'RE YOU
FEELING?

HAVE
A CHAIR,
CLARK. I'LL GET
US A COUPLE
OF SODAS.

WILL YOU
LEAVE CLARK
AND ME ALONE,
PETE? PLEASE?

WE NEED TO
TALK
PRIVATELY.





THE DISTRESS
CALL FROM
THE GEORGIA
AUTHORITIES
WAS CERTAINLY
WARRANTED.

WHATEVER
TORE THROUGH
THIS AREA WOULD
PRESENT A
FORMIDABLE
OBSTACLE FOR
ANY ORDINARY
POLICE
FORCE.

NOT TO MENTION
THE NATIONAL GUARD,
MARINES, NAVY, AIR
FORCE, AND AMERICAN
ASSOCIATION
OF RETIRED
PERSONS!

CHECK
THE BLAZE!
WHO BROUGHT
THE MARSH-
MALLOWS?

QUIET,
PLASTIC MAN.
THIS IS SERIOUS
BUSINESS.



WONDER WOMAN SPEAKS TRUE.

THE DESTRUCTION IS SO COMPLETE, ONE MIGHT SUSPECT THE MINIONS OF DARKSEID HIMSELF HAD WAGED WAR HERE!

WHOEVER DID THIS WAS THOROUGH, ORION. I DON'T THINK THERE'S A BLADE OF GRASS LEFT UNTOUCHED!



THERE'S A SMALL TOWN TO THE EAST THAT LOOKS TRASHED! SHOULD I CHECK IT OUT?

YOU STAY HERE.

HEAD'S UP! WE GOT AN INCOMING OBJECT HEADED THIS WAY FAST!



A TANKER TRUCK? WHO COULD BE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO HURL SUCH AN OBJECT THIS FAR?

SOMEONE WHO PRESENTS A CHALLENGE.

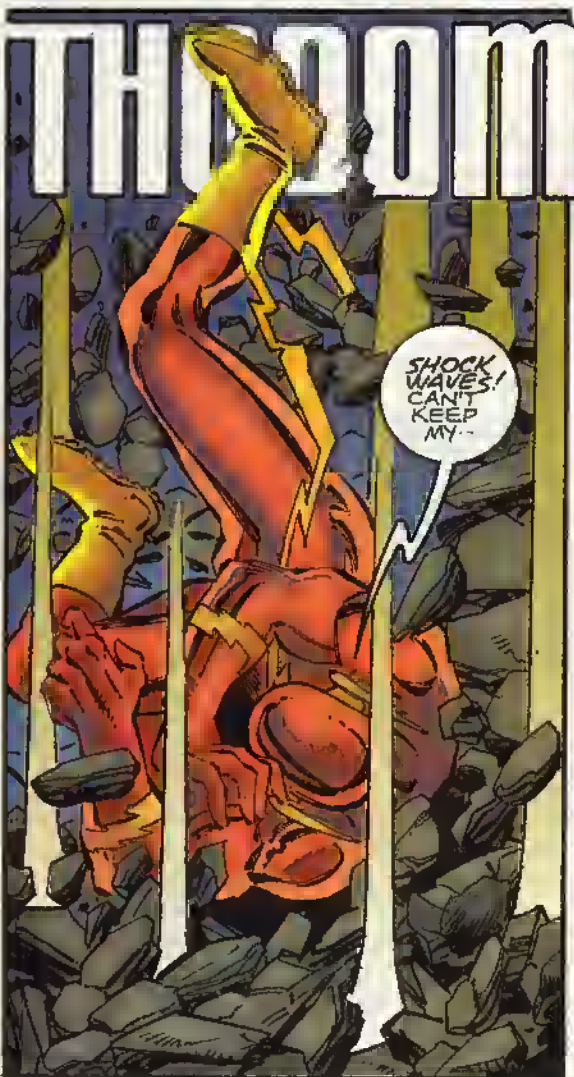
FLASH, I WANT A RECONNAISSANCE REPORT ON THE COMMUNITY PLASTIC MAN MENTIONED.

I'M ON IT!



WHOA.
PLA'S WAS
RIGHT.

IT'S
COMPLETE
AND LUTTER
DEVASTATION!



SHOCK
WAVES!
CAN'T
KEEP
MY--



THE GOONS
WHO DID THIS
MUST STILL
BE AROUND!
BETTER CONTACT
J'ONN!

HE'LL READ
ME TELEPATHIC--

RAHH
HHHR!



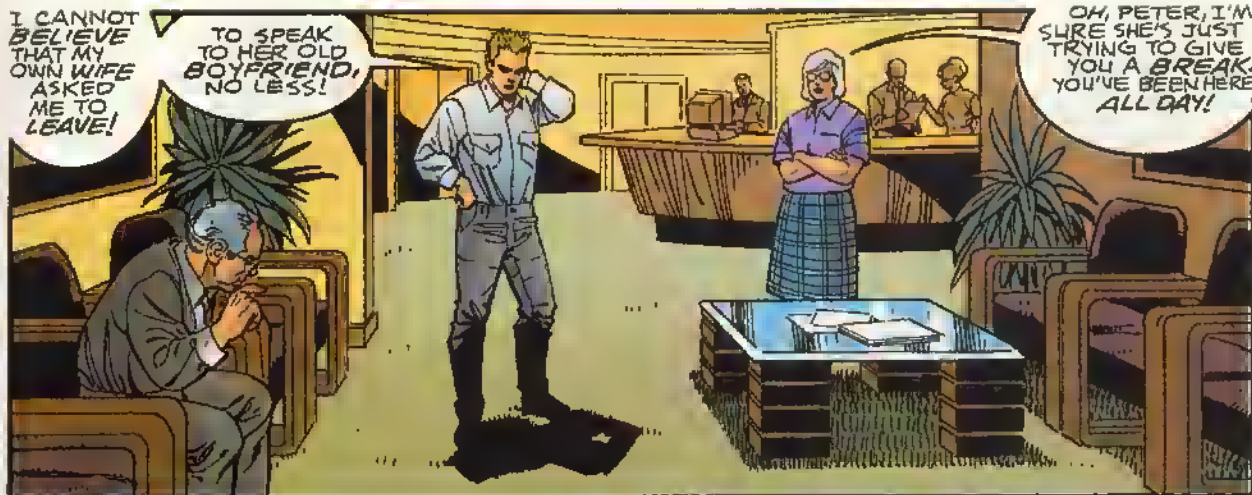
YOU?
YOU'RE
BACK?

RAHH
HHHR!

I CANNOT BELIEVE THAT MY OWN WIFE ASKED ME TO LEAVE!

TO SPEAK TO HER OLD BOYFRIEND, NO LESS!

OH, PETER, I'M SURE SHE'S JUST TRYING TO GIVE YOU A **BREAK**. YOU'VE BEEN HERE ALL DAY!



DON'T SOFT-SOAP ME, MARTHA. I REMEMBER FULL WELL HOW MUCH LANA LOVED CLARK. WHEN WE WERE KIDS, HE WAS ALL SHE THOUGHT ABOUT!

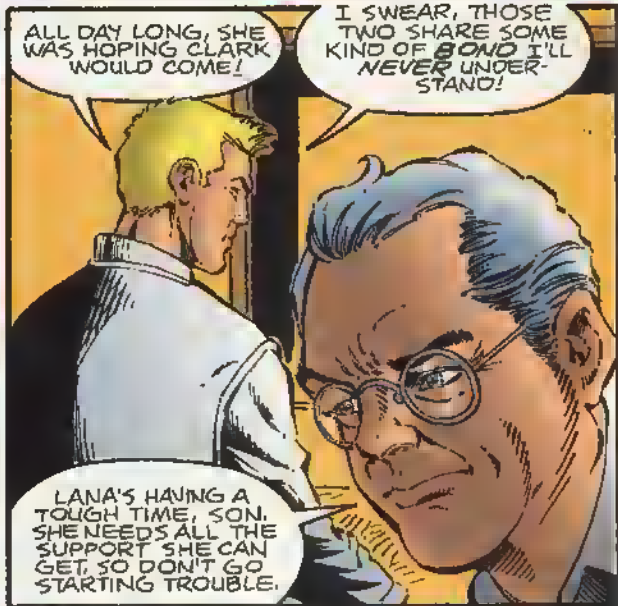
SHE'S SCARED, PETER. DON'T READ ANYTHING INTO THIS!



ALL DAY LONG, SHE WAS HOPING CLARK WOULD COME!

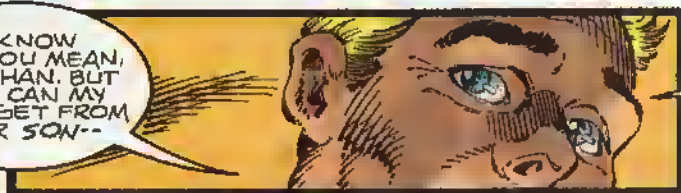
I SWEAR, THOSE TWO SHARE SOME KIND OF **BOND** I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND!

LANA'S HAVING A TOUGH TIME, SON. SHE NEEDS ALL THE SUPPORT SHE CAN GET, SO DON'T GO STARTING TROUBLE.



I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, JONATHAN. BUT WHAT CAN MY WIFE GET FROM YOUR SON--

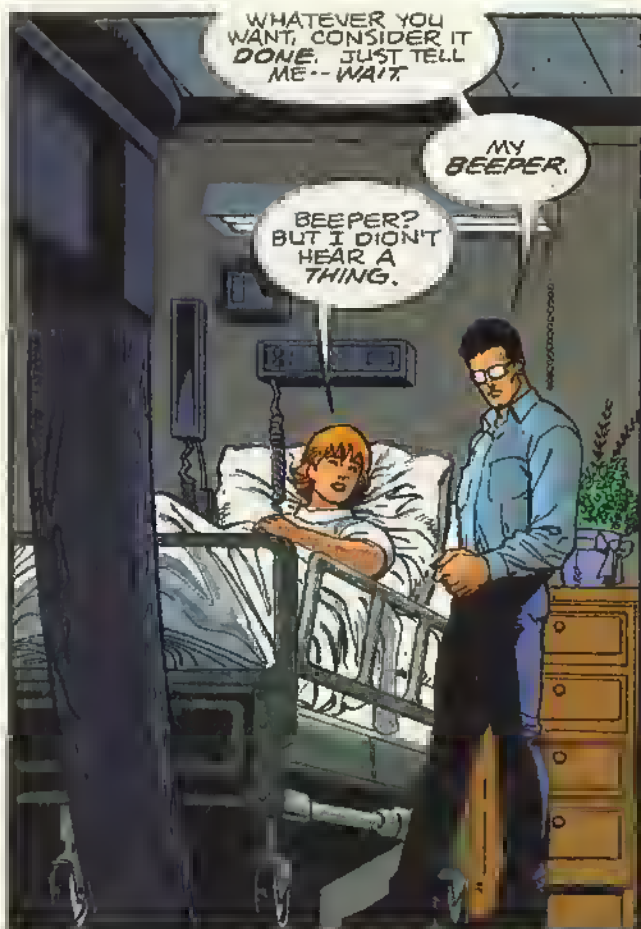
--THAT SHE CAN'T GET FROM ME?



CLARK, I'VE NEVER ASKED FOR ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE, BUT I NEED YOU.

I NEED SUPERMAN.





WHATEVER YOU WANT, CONSIDER IT **DONE**. JUST TELL ME-- WAIT

MY **BEEPER**.

BEEPER? BUT I DIDN'T HEAR A **THING**.

IT'S A JLA EXCLUSIVE BUILT INTO MY BELT BUCKLE. OPERATES ON A FREQUENCY SO HIGH...

...ONLY A KRYPTONIAN CAN HEAR IT.

IT'S NOT TO BE USED UNLESS THE SITUATION IS **CRITICAL**.

ARE YOU SAYING YOU HAVE TO **LEAVE**?



I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN.

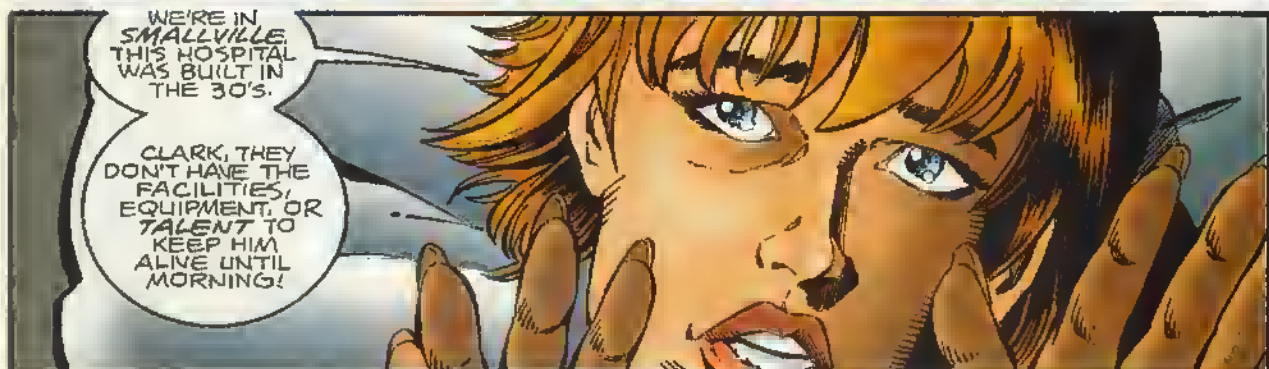
NO! STOP!

DO YOU WANT MY BABY BOY TO **DIE**?



DIE? LANA, WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

DUH! I WAS IN AN ACCIDENT. CLARK! MY BABY WAS BORN MONTHS PREMATURELY WITH SEVERE INJURIES!



WE'RE IN **SMALLVILLE**. THIS HOSPITAL WAS BUILT IN THE 30'S.

CLARK, THEY DON'T HAVE THE FACILITIES, EQUIPMENT, OR TALENT TO KEEP HIM ALIVE UNTIL MORNING!

FROM THE DAY YOU
SHARED YOUR **SECRET**
WITH ME, I'VE KEPT
IT.

EVEN FROM MY
HUSBAND.

AND
IN ALL THAT
TIME, I NEVER
ASKED YOU
NEVER ASKED
FOR THAT
BLESSED THING.

SO I'M
ASKING YOU
NOW. I'M
BEGGING
YOU.

SAVE
MY BABY'S
LIFE!

FIND THE BEST DAMN
PREEMIE CARE UNIT IN
THE WORLD AND TAKE
HIM THERE! **PLEASE!**

BUT...THE
JUSTICE
LEAGUE...

JUSTICE? WHERE'S
THE **JUSTICE** IN AN
INNOCENT BABY
LOSING HIS
LIFE?

THEY CAN
TAKE CARE OF
THEMSELVES!
MY SON NEEDS
SUPERMAN!

CLARK, DO
YOU REALLY
WANT THE
DEATH OF AN
INNOCENT
CHILD ON YOUR
CONSCIENCE?

**NO. ONE IS
ENOUGH.**

BESIDES, LANA'S
RIGHT. SAY
WHATEVER YOU
WANT ABOUT
THE LEAGUE.




THEY CAN
TAKE CARE
OF THEM-
SELVES.

ONE LONE
BEING DID THIS
TO THE
JUSTICE
LEAGUE.

WHAT HOPE
IS THERE...
FOR THE
WORLD?

STAY
BACK, GIRL.
THOUGH
DARKSEID
HIMSELF
FEARS THE
ONE WE
FIGHT--

—ONLY
DEATH WILL
BRING DOWN
ORION THE
HUNTER!



BUT KNOW
YOU FULL WELL,
MONSTER--

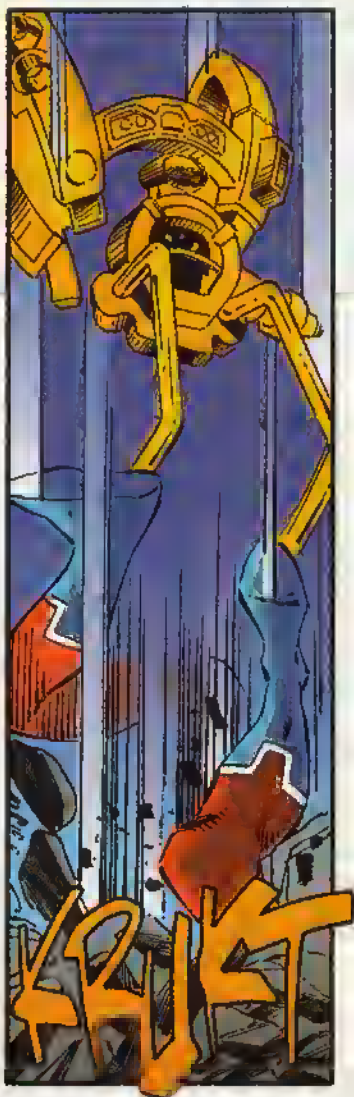
--THAT MOST IN
THE UNIVERSE
FEAR ME! FEW
DARE CHALLENGE
ME IN BATTLE!

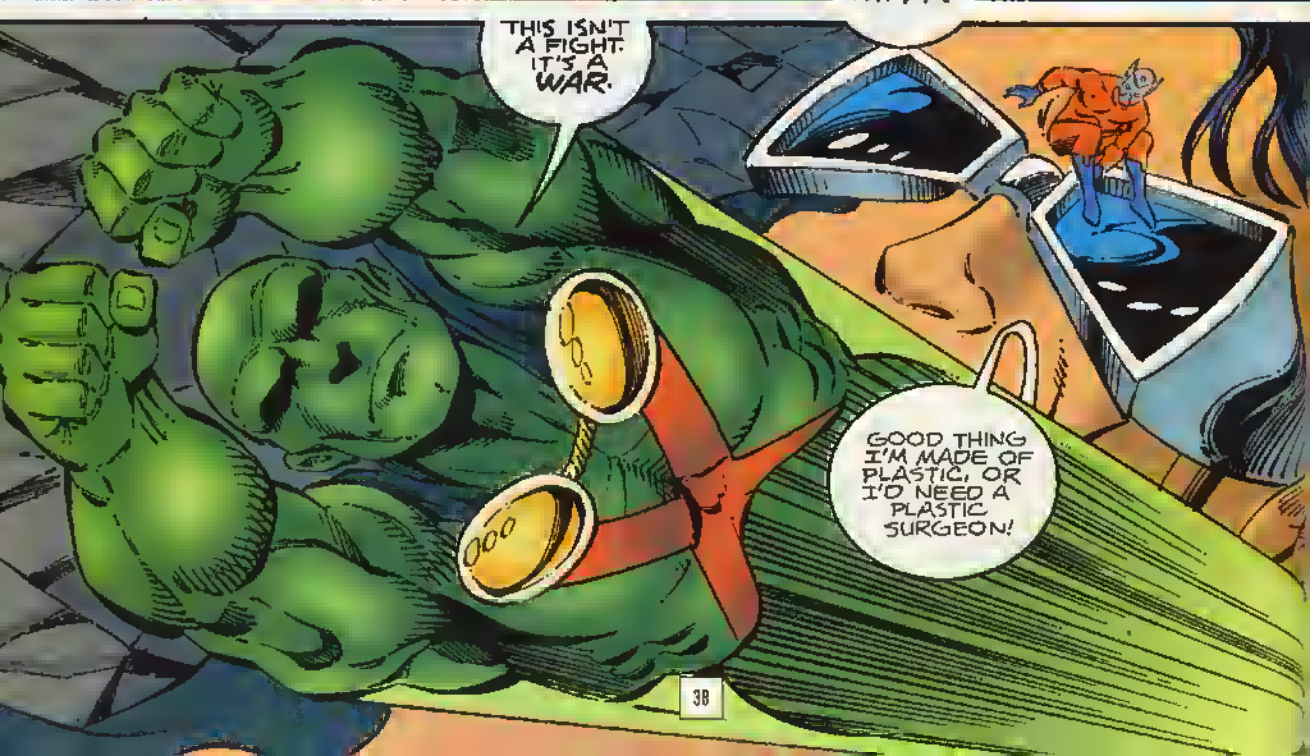
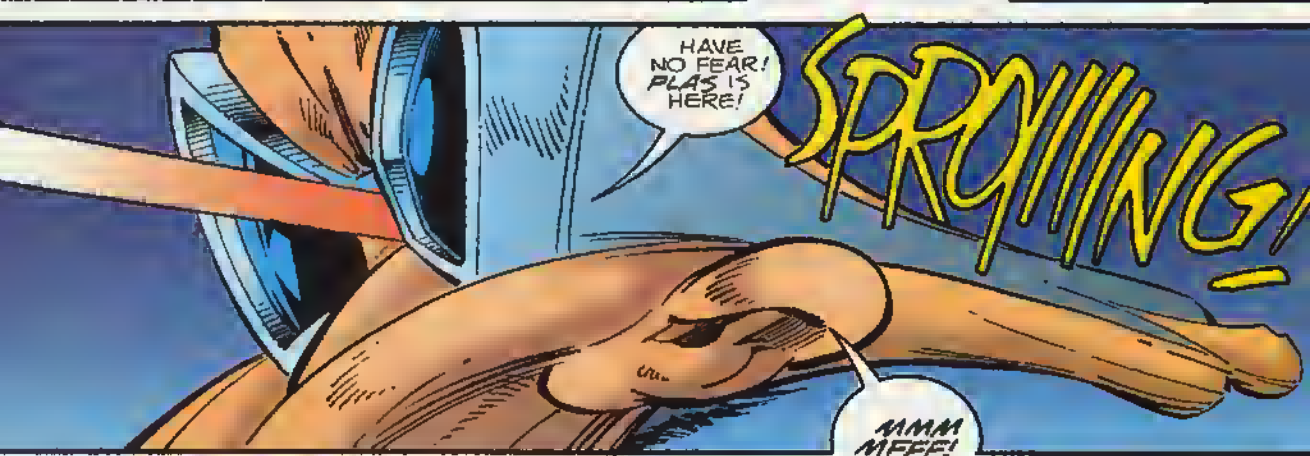
AND
NONE OF
THEM--

--CAN
WITHSTAND
THE ASTRO
FORCE!

IMPOSSIBLE!
HE STILL
STANDS!?!

PICKING UP
A MASSIVE
BOULDER!
PLANNING TO--





YOU OKAY, BIG
FELLA? COME ON!
IT'S FOURTH AND
GOAL! THE TEAM
NEEDS YOU!

LEGS
...TOO
WEAK TO
STAND...

BAD ENOUGH
SUPERMAN DOESN'T
RESPOND WHEN I
CALL HIM!

BUT J'ONN
SHOULDN'T
HAVE CHARGED
OFF ALONE!
THE LEAGUE
SHOULD FUNCTION
BETTER THAN
THIS!

MUST BE BECAUSE
WE'RE NOT USED
TO BEING BEATEN
SO BADLY!

YAARR
RRGH!

THAT WAS
J'ONN! HE'S
HURT!

NO
SURPRISE.
WE'D BETTER
ASSUME--

--THAT
HE'S
COMING
BACK.

KRAKANN

WE
NEED
MORE
MUSCLE.

WHY DOESN'T
HE RESPOND?
WHAT FORCE IN
THE GALAXY IS
SO POWERFUL--

"...THAT IT CAN KEEP
SUPERMAN AWAY FROM
DOOMSDAY?"



PLEASE, CLARK. BEFORE YOU RUN OFF TO YOUR JLA BUDDIES, GO TO THE PREMIE LINT AND TAKE A LOOK AT MY PRECIOUS, TINY, LITTLE BOY.

YOU'LL SEE ME IN HIM. AND PETE.

ONCE YOU DO THAT, I KNOW YOU WON'T LET HIM DIE!



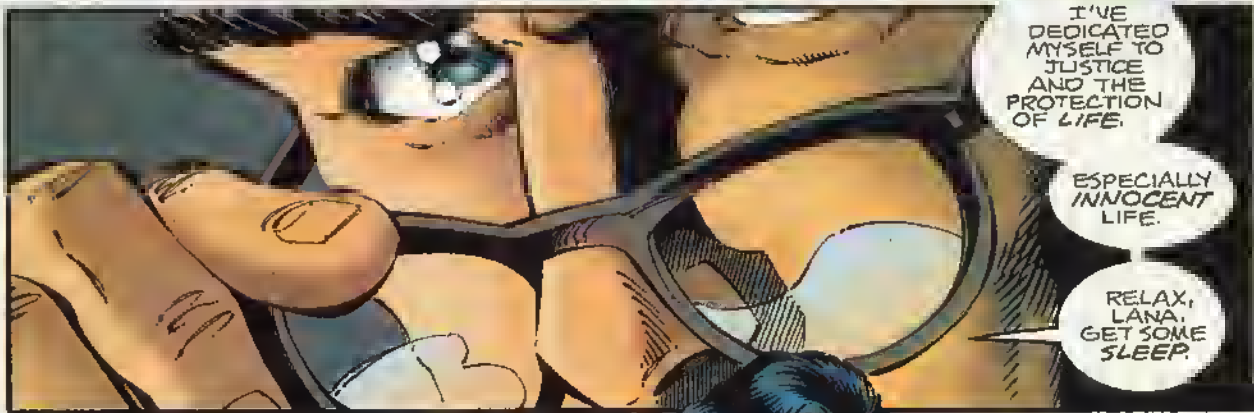
UNNECESSARY, EVEN IF YOU AND PETE WERE COMPLETE STRANGERS, I'D DO WHAT'S RIGHT.



I'VE DEDICATED MYSELF TO JUSTICE AND THE PROTECTION OF LIFE.

ESPECIALLY INNOCENT LIFE.

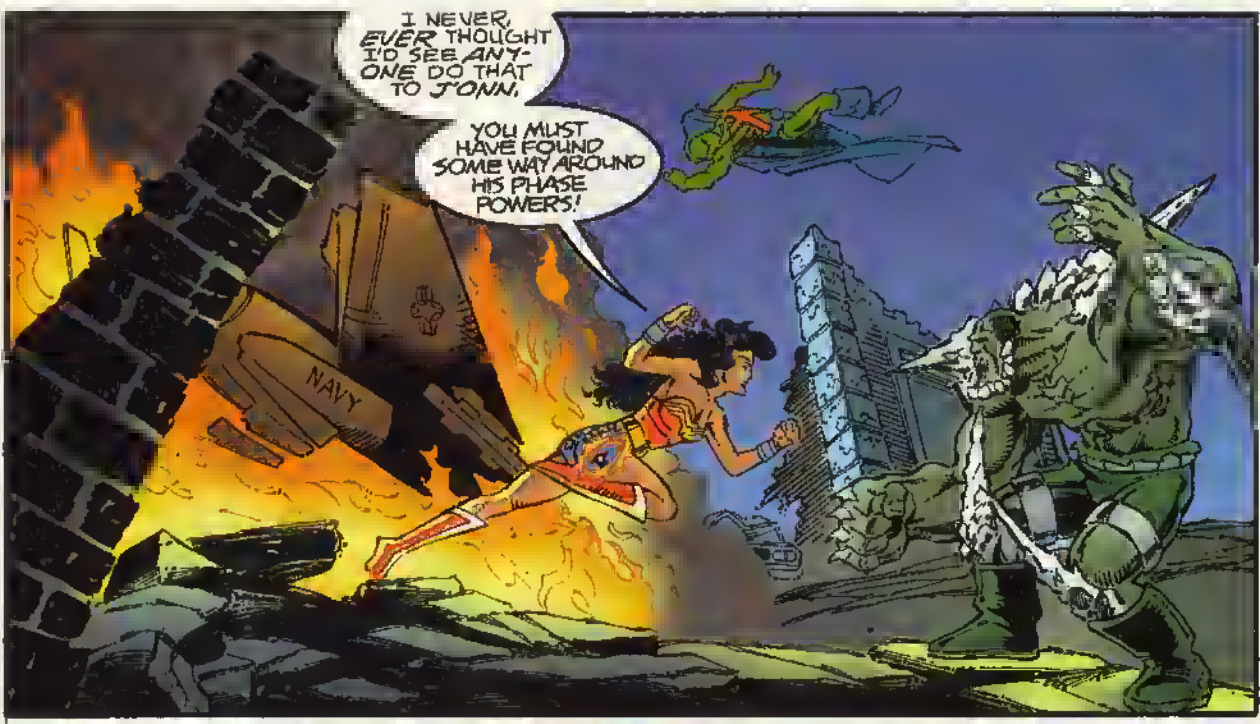
RELAX, LANA, GET SOME SLEEP.



THIS IS A JOB--

--FOR SUPERMAN.





I NEVER, EVER THOUGHT I'D SEE ANY-ONE DO THAT TO J'ONN.

YOU MUST HAVE FOUND SOME WAY AROUND HIS PHASE POWERS!



I KNOW YOU NEARLY DESTROYED SUPERMAN--

--AND DID THE SAME TO A WEAKER VERSION OF THE JLA!

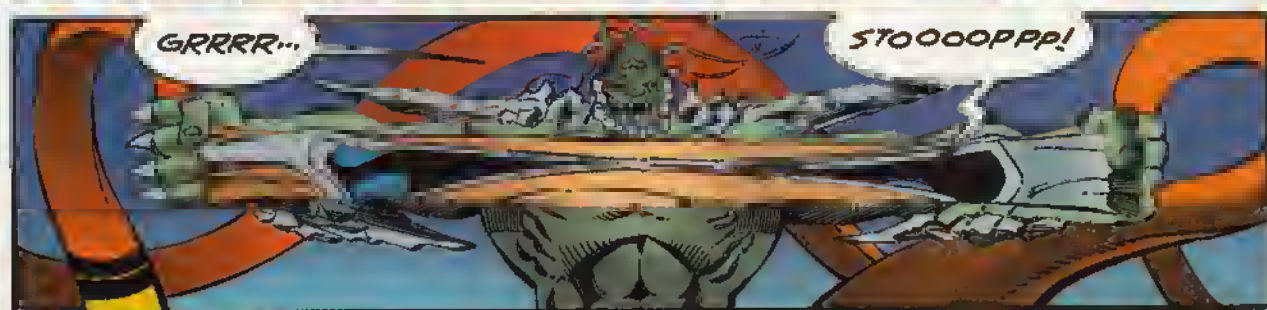
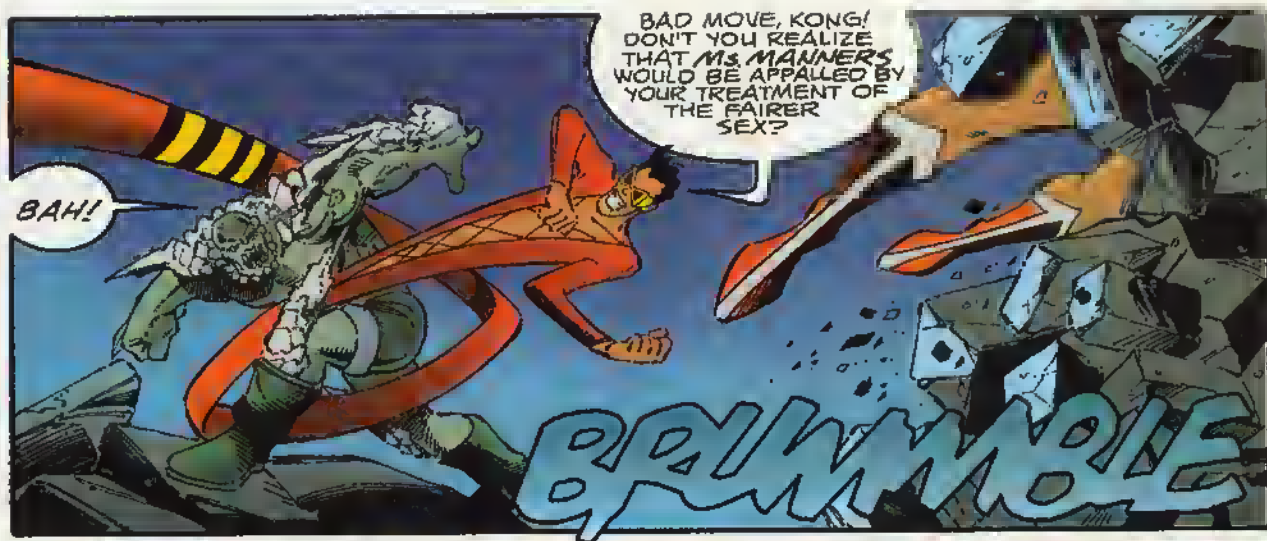
BUT, EXCEPT FOR OUR BRIEF TUSSELE EARLIER, YOU AND I HAVEN'T EVER FOUGHT IT OUT!



AND THIS IS WHERE--

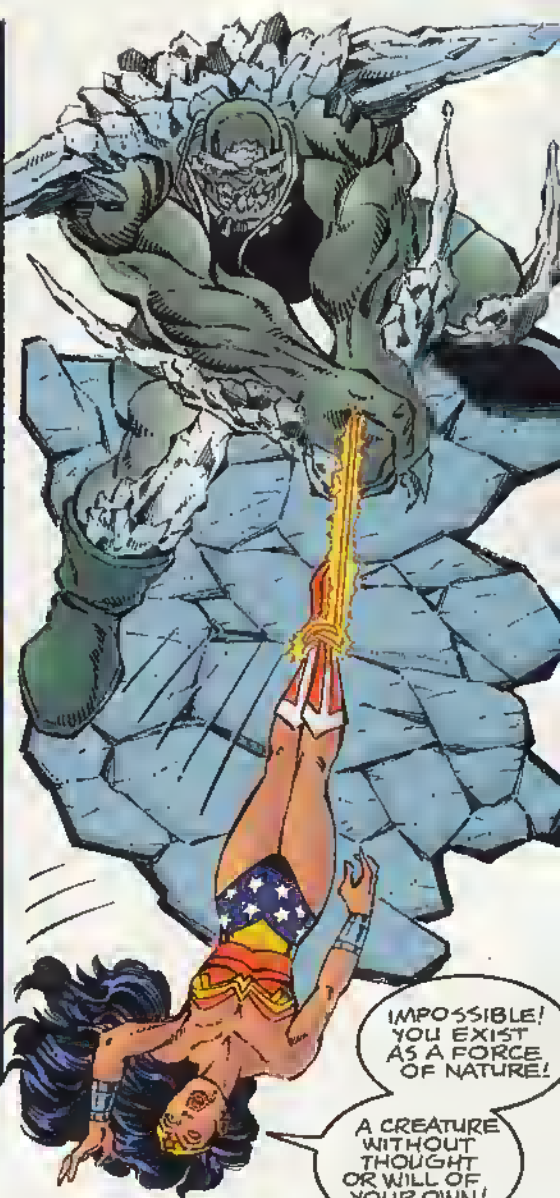
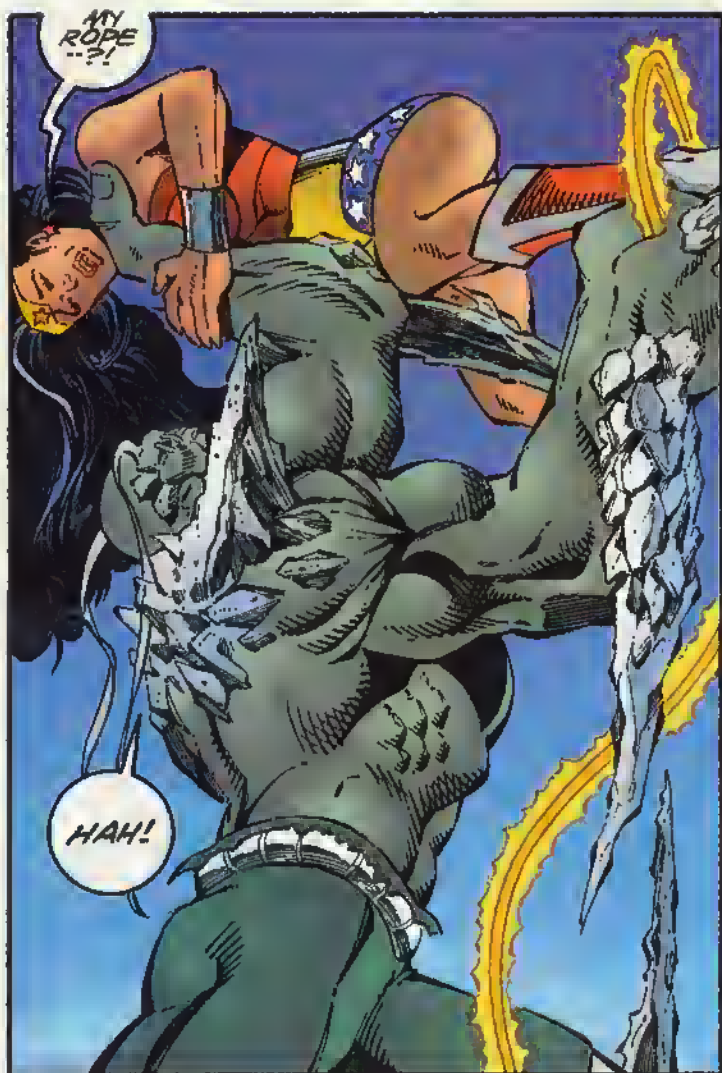
RRRA
AMHH!

SKUNCH









MY OWN
MENTAL
DEFENSES
BARRED
YOUR OVER-
CONFIDENT
FRIEND
FROM THE
TRLITH.

TO
PARTIALLY
QUOTE ONE
OF YOUR
HUMAN
AUTHORS--

--THE REPORTS
OF MY *STUPIDITY*
WERE *GREATLY*
EXAGGERATED!



...CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR COMING, SUPERMAN! THOUGH IT'S BEYOND ME HOW YOU HAPPENED TO HEAR ABOUT THIS!

BABY ROSS IS IN THE MECHANICAL VENTILATOR.

UNFORTUNATELY, OUR **NATAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT** ISN'T EQUIPPED TO DEAL WITH INJURIES OF THIS SCOPE--

--WHICH ARE **COMPOUNDED** BY THE FACT THAT HE WAS BORN EIGHT WEEKS PREMATURE.

CLARK KENT AND I ARE ACQUAINTANCES, DOCTOR. WHEN HE DESCRIBED THE SITUATION, I COULDN'T HELP BUT COME.

WHAT'S THE BABY'S STATUS?

WE THOUGHT ABOUT AIRLIFTING HIM TO KANSAS CITY OR ST. LOUIS, BUT THERE'S NO WAY HE'D SURVIVE THE FLIGHT.

I'M AFRAID... IT'S A MATTER OF TIME. WE HAVEN'T MUCH HOPE.

THERE'S **ALWAYS** HOPE, DOCTOR. WHAT'S THE BEST **NICH** FACILITY IN EXISTENCE?

THE **MEDI-LIFE INSTITUTE**, JUST NORTH OF ATLANTA. BUT... THERE'S NO WAY THIS INFANT WILL SURVIVE A TRIP THERE!

LET THEM KNOW I'M ON MY WAY, DOCTOR.

THIS BABY WILL LIVE, NO MATTER WHAT.



YEARS HAVE PASSED,
BUT IT SEEMS LIKE
ONLY YESTERDAY.

I WAS FIFTEEN BACK
THEN, LIVING ON A
FARM OUTSIDE
SMALLVILLE, KANSAS.

PA RAISED A VARIETY
OF CROPS AND HANDLED
A GOOD-SIZED DAIRY
OPERATION.

IT WAS THE COLDEST
WINTER ON RECORD.
WE WERE DIGGING
OUT OF THE WORST
BLIZZARD EVER.

OUR ENTIRE HERD OF
CATTLE WAS TRAPPED
OUT ON THE FIELDS,
UNABLE TO NAVIGATE
THE DEEP SNOW AND
REACH THE SAFETY
OF THE BARN.

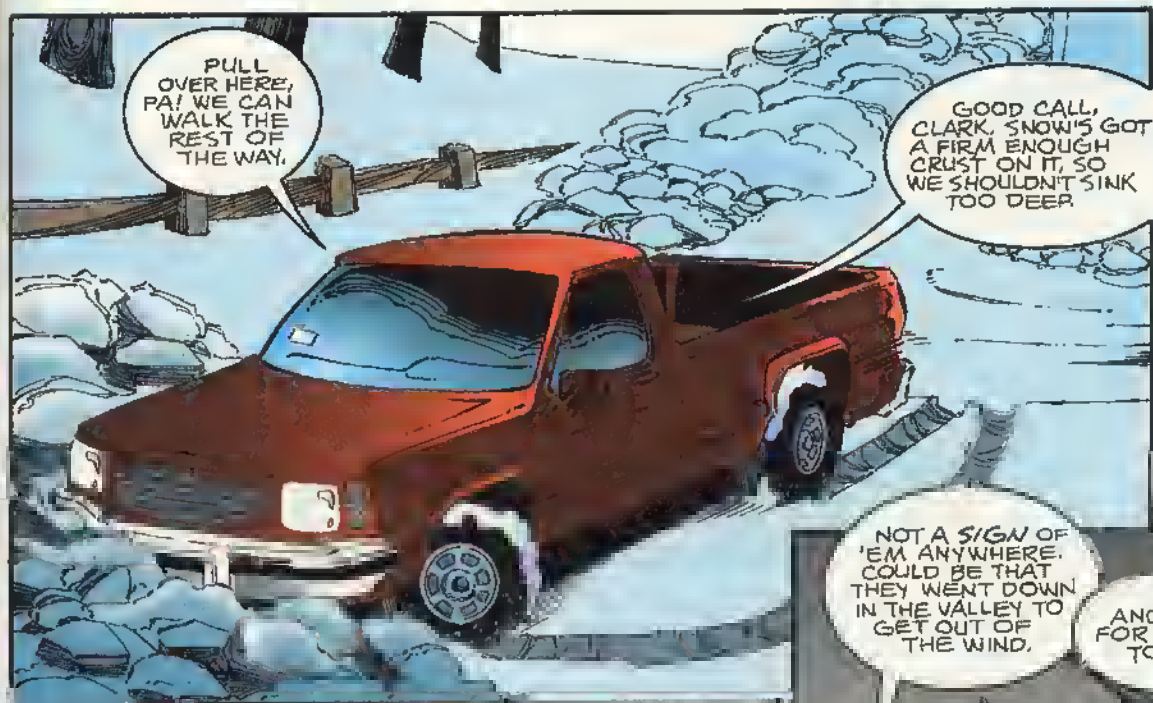
MY BEST FRIENDS IN
THE WORLD, PETE
ROSS AND LANA LANG
AND I, WERE FOILED
BY THE DRIFTS WHILE
TRYING TO GET FOOD
TO THE CATTLE.

WE WAITED
THREE DAYS
FOR THE
COUNTY TO
BLOW US A
PATH.

THE RIDE BETWEEN
THE FARM AND FIELD
WAS USUALLY A
SHORT ONE.

THAT PARTICULAR
DAY, FOLLOWING
THE SNOW PLOW--

--THE RIDE SEEMED
TO TAKE LONGER
THAN WALKING
FROM MONTREAL
TO EL PASO.





GOOD
LORD
ALMIGHTY.



OH, MARTHA. WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO NOW?

PA?

PA, ARE YOU OKAY?



DEAD. EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM.

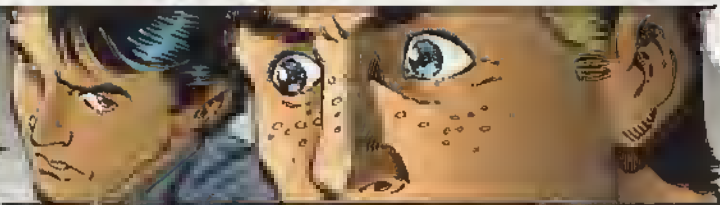
DEAD.

TRANSLATION: WE'RE BROKE. NO CATTLE TO GIVE MILK AND PAY THE MORTGAGE ON THE FARM. NO INSURANCE TO COVER THE LOSS.

I'M SORRY. REALLY SORRY, PA.

I COULDA GOTTEN THE HAY OUT HERE... BUT PETE TALKED ME INTO STOPPING.

WOULDN'T LET ME DIG OUR WAY HERE!



OF COURSE I DID, CLARK! THERE WAS NO CHANCE!

IF WE'D GOTTEN STUCK IN THOSE DRIFTS, WE'D BE AS DEAD AS THOSE CATTLE, CLARK, AND YOU KNOW IT!

THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE, PETE! ALWAYS!



ENOUGH, YOU TWO! IT'S NATURE'S WAY, THAT'S ALL!



SOMETIMES.. DEATH COMES. NOT BECAUSE IT'S ANYONE'S FAULT--

--BUT BECAUSE IT JUST DOES.

LANA AND I
ALWAYS WERE
CLOSE.

WHEN I GOT OLDER
AND MY POWERS
DEVELOPED, I TOLD
HER AND NO ONE
ELSE EXCEPT MY
FOLKS.

NOW SHE'S ASKED FOR
MY HELP THE SAME WAY
PA DID THAT WINTER.

LANA'S BABY WAS
BORN PREMATURELY.
HIS CONDITION IS
CRITICAL, UNLESS
HE GETS TO THE
BEST FACILITY IN
THE WORLD SOON.



YOU'RE ALL SET, SUPERMAN. THIS PORTABLE VENTILATOR IS RATHER CRUDE, BUT IT SHOULD WORK FOR A TIME.

IT'S POWERED BY A SMALL MARINE BATTERY. I'D SAY IT WILL SUPPLY POWER FOR ONE, MAYBE TWO HOURS.

IT HAS A SMALL OXYGEN TANK, A PRESSURIZATION UNIT, AND EVEN A GYROSCOPIC BALANCER TO ACCOUNT AND CORRECT FOR YOUR FLIGHT MANEUVERS. HE SHOULD BE UNAFFECTED, NO MATTER HOW FAR OR FAST YOU FLY.

BABY ROSS HAS BEEN MEDICATED FOR THE FLIGHT. I SUPPOSE HE'S AS READY AS HE'LL EVER BE.

YOU'RE SURE HE'LL SURVIVE THE JOURNEY?

NOT AT ALL, BUT I DO KNOW HE'LL DIE IF HE STAYS HERE.

THESE MONITORS WILL KEEP YOU FULLY INFORMED AS TO THE BABY'S CONDITION, SUPERMAN.

SUPERMAN, MEET BABY ROSS. BABY ROSS--

--MEET YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL.

THEIR LOOKS SAY IT ALL. THEY HAVE THE SAME EXPRESSION AS WHEN PA ASKED ME TO SAVE HIS CATTLE.

AS WHEN CATHERINE GRANT ASKED ME TO SAVE HER SON AND I FAILED.

A MISTAKE THAT HAUNTS ME TO THIS DAY.

A MISTAKE I SWEAR NEVER TO MAKE AGAIN.

PETE AND LANA
ROSS WILL NOT
SUFFER THE WAY
CAT HAS.



LANA?

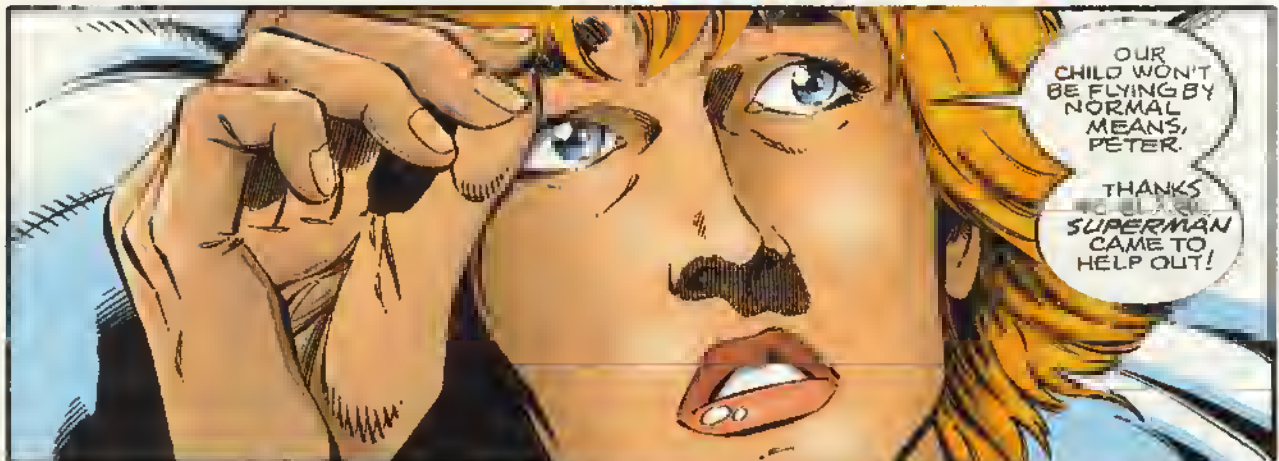
LANA!

I JUST CAME FROM
N.I.C.U.! OUR BABY--
HE'S GONE!

I'M AWARE OF
THAT, PETER. HE'S
BEING FLOWN TO THE
VERY BEST UNIT IN
THE WORLD, JUST
OUTSIDE ATLANTA.



BUT... THE
DOCTORS SAID HE
WOULDN'T SURVIVE A
LENGTHY FLIGHT!



OUR
CHILD WON'T
BE FLYING BY
NORMAL
MEANS,
PETER.

THANKS
FOR LANA
SUPERMAN
CAME TO
HELP OUT!



NO WONDER YOU
BLEW ME ASIDE TO
TALK WITH CLARK
ALONE!

YOU GOT DOWN ON YOUR
KNEES AND BEGGED
HIM TO DRAG
SUPERMAN
INTO THIS!

TO SAVE
MY SON'S
LIFE!



DON'T
YOU
MEAN
OUR
SON?

I RESENT
BEING CUT OUT
OUT OF THE
PROCESS!

THERE WASN'T
TIME! SUPER-
MAN, WELL...

HE ARRIVED
SECONDS
AFTER CLARK
CALLED AND
WANTED TO MOVE
IMMEDIATELY!

WHY CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
YOU'RE MY WIFE, BUT NO MATTER
HOW CLOSE WE ARE--

--YOU AND
KENT SEEM
CLOSER.

HIGH SCHOOL WAS
YEARS AGO, LANA. YOU
MIGHT HAVE LOVED HIM,
BUT HE REJECTED
YOU.

WE DON'T NEED
HIS HELP TO
CARE FOR OUR
SON!

LISTEN TO YOURSELF!
HOW CAN YOU BE UP-
SET ABOUT THIS?

CLARK'S FRIEND-
SHIP WITH SUPER-
MAN IS OUR BABY'S
ONLY CHANCE
FOR LIFE!

SUPERMAN? WHY? HE
NEEDS MY KID TO CATCH
A CROOK?

I WON'T
ALLOW THIS,
LANA. WHERE
ARE THEY?

BY NOW,
SOMEWHERE
OVER
LOUISIANA.

WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

WHERE
ELSE?

GREAT,
SINCE KENT
ISN'T HANGING
AROUND--

--SUPERMAN
MUST'VE
HAULED HIM
ALONG, TOO.

INSTEAD
OF ME

"ATLANTA!"

TARGET ACQUIRED.
FOX LEADER.
GUIDANCE SYSTEMS
LOCKED.

COPY THAT.
ARM MISSILES
AND PREPARE
TO FIRE.

NO WAY THAT
MONSTER CAN
SURVIVE
THESE.



IN THE PAST, I
WOULD HAVE
PERMITTED
THEIR ASSAULT.

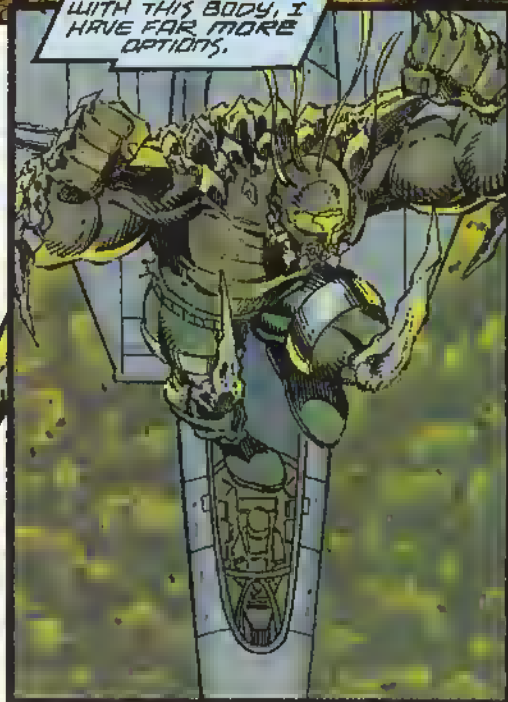
A FORCE FIELD
WOULD HAVE
ENSURED MY
SURVIVAL, BUT
SUCH A TACTIC
IS DEPRESSINGLY
PASSIVE.

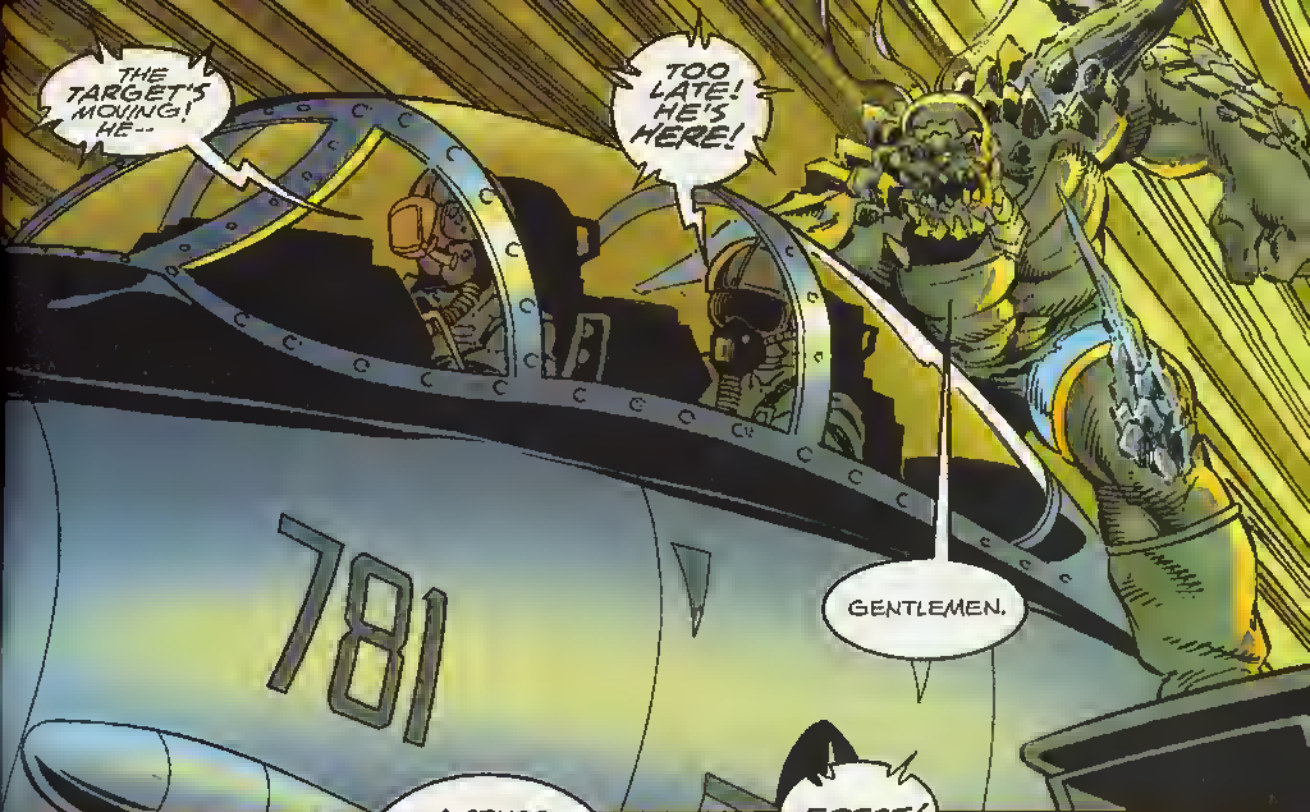
WITH THIS BODY, I
HAVE FAR MORE
OPTIONS.

SUCH AN AWE-
INSPIRING
BODY.

ITS EYESIGHT IS
SO REMARKABLY
ACUTE THAT, EVEN
THOUGH THOSE
FLYING TOYS ARE
MILES AWAY--

-- I CAN SEE
EVERY DETAIL
OF THEIR CON-
STRUCTION.





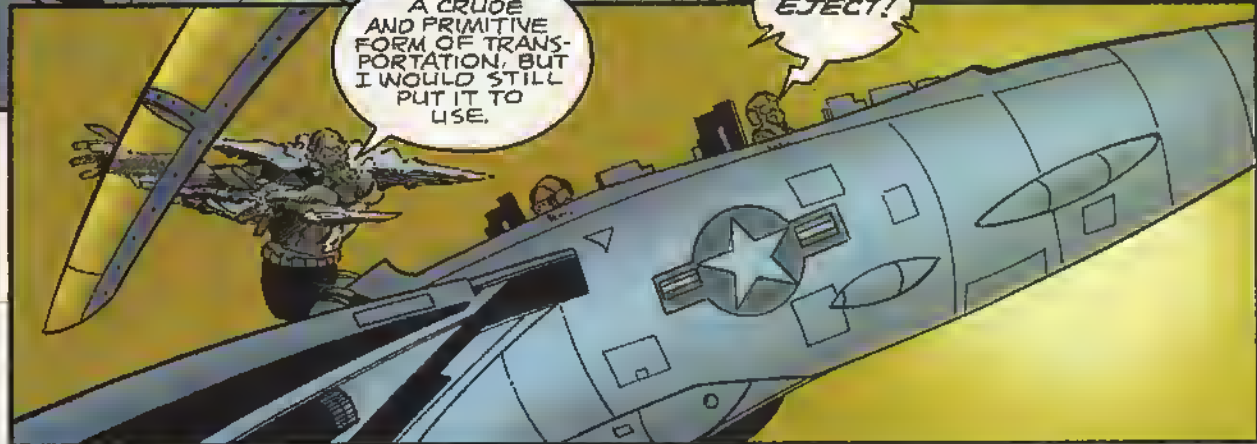
THE
TARGET'S
MOVING!
HE--

TOO
LATE!
HE'S
HERE!

GENTLEMEN.

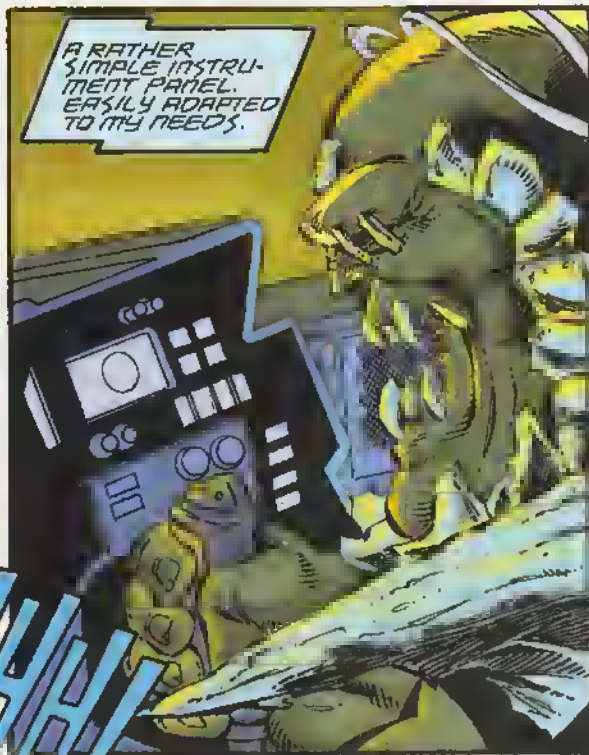
A CRUDE
AND PRIMITIVE
FORM OF TRANS-
PORTATION, BUT
I WOULD STILL
PUT IT TO
USE.

EJECT!

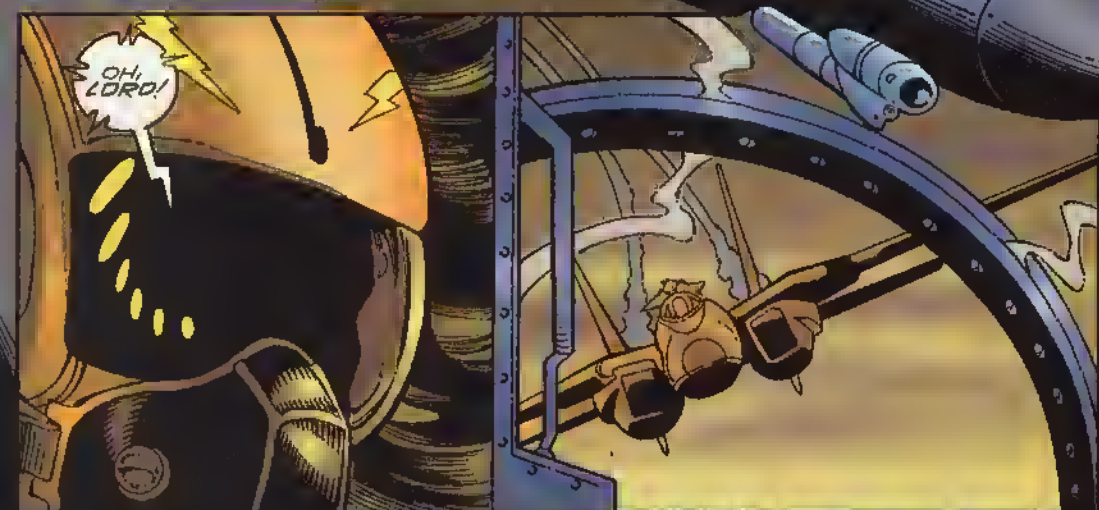


ALLOW
ME.

A RATHER
SIMPLE INSTRU-
MENT PANEL.
EASILY ADAPTED
TO MY NEEDS.



YAAHHHH!





WHAT-TOOM!

SHA-KOOOM!

IMPRESSIVE.

THE AREA IS
NOW FREE OF
INTRUDERS.

CHECK
THAT.

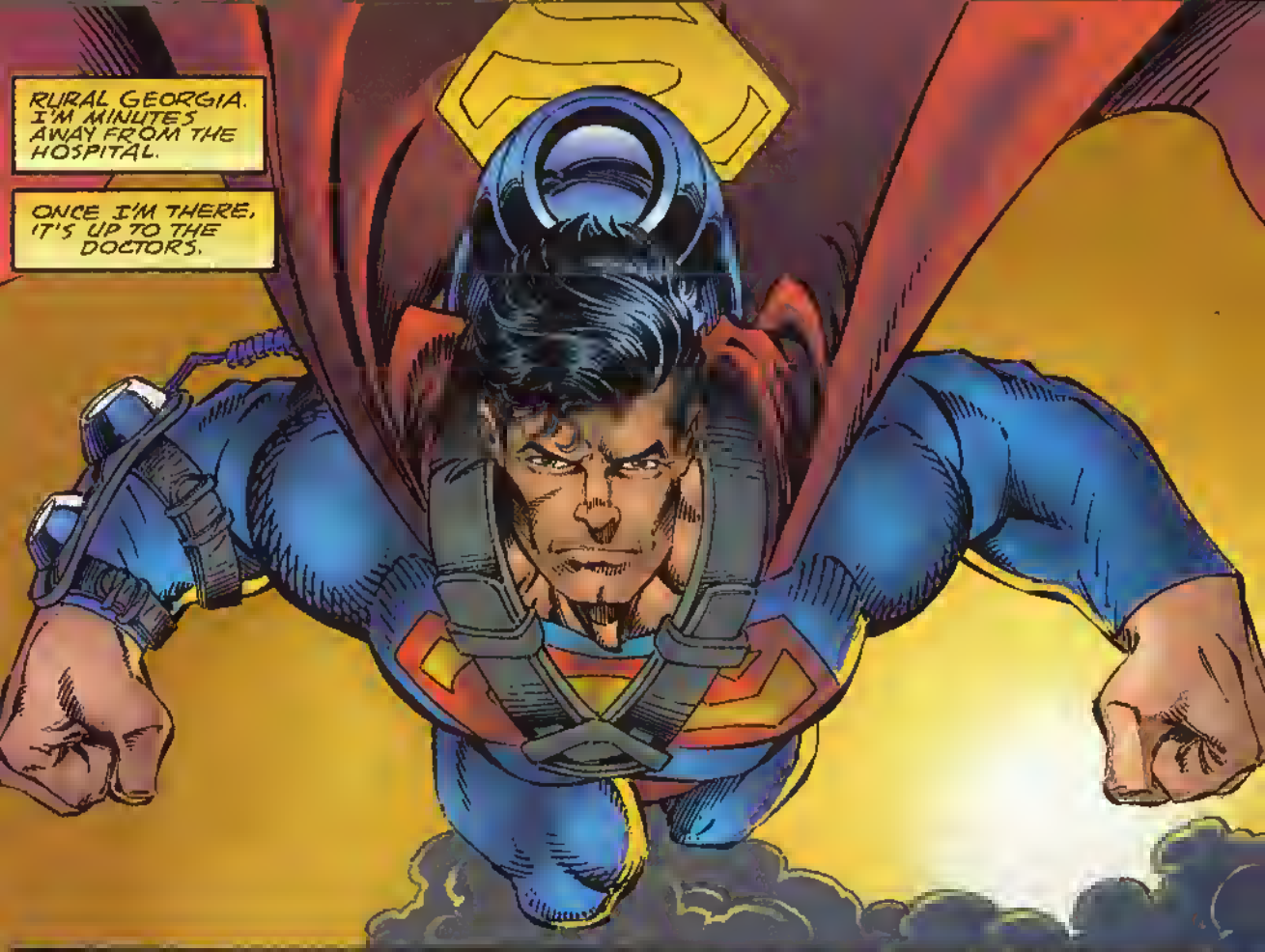
A SMALLER TARGET,
ORGANIC IN NATURE,
HAS PENETRATED
THE PERIMETER.

AT LAST.

IT'S HINT.

RURAL GEORGIA.
I'M MINUTES
AWAY FROM THE
HOSPITAL.

ONCE I'M THERE,
IT'S UP TO THE
DOCTORS.



THE BABY'S CONDITION
IS HOLDING STEADY AND
THE GYROSCOPIC
BALANCER IS PERFORM-
ING PERFECTLY.



ALL IN ALL, THINGS
COULDN'T BE
GOING BETTER.



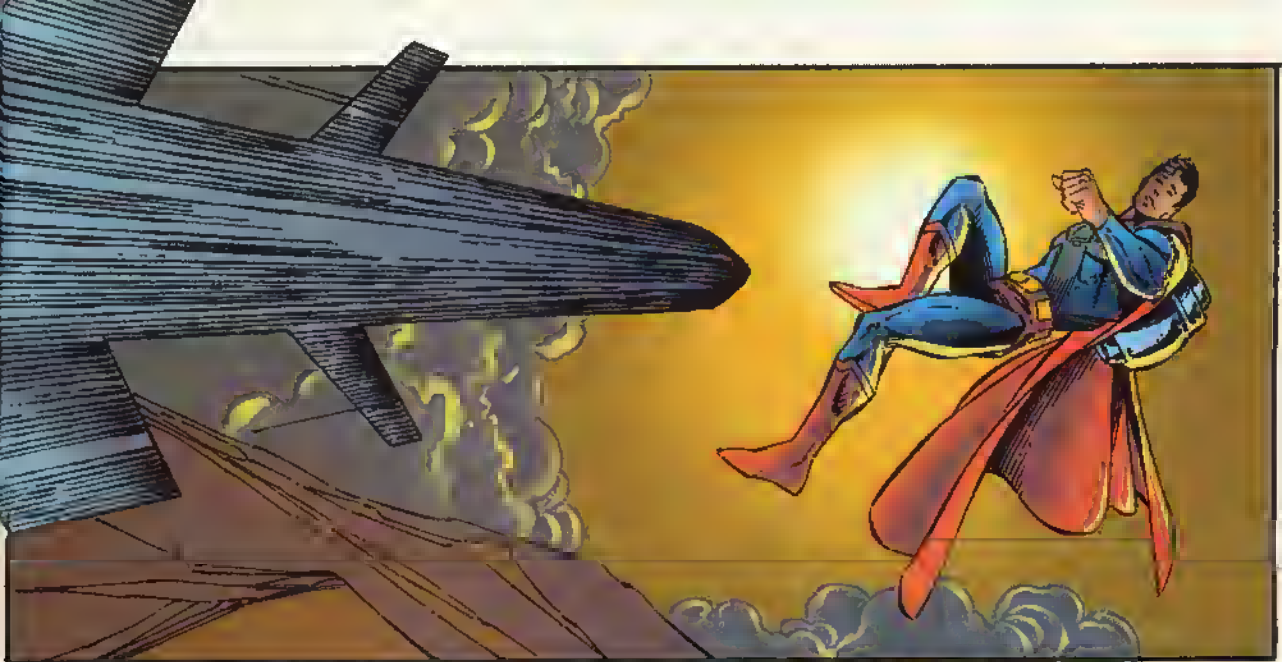
THAT
SOUND?



I'VE HEARD
IT BEFORE.

LIKE...
MISSILES
BEING
FIRED?





I CAN SURVIVE THE BLAST, BUT MY PASSENGER CAN'T.

HAVE TO MOVE FAST--



--AND WORRY ABOUT THE SHOOTER LATER.



IT'S PROGRAMMED TO FOLLOW ME WHEREVER I GO.



EASY TO JUST OUT-MANEUVER IT.

GOING UP



GOOD. I OUTRACED
ITS ENGINE'S CAPACITY.

BUT WHY WOULD
AN AMERICAN
NAVY PILOT FIRE
AT ME?

EEEEEEPP EEEPP EEEPP

THE ALARM!

THE OXYGEN IN
THE TANK WON'T
LAST FOREVER!

EEEEEEPP

HAVE TO
GET DOWN
AND HOPE
THE ATTACK
IS OVER!

NO SUCH LUCK.
GETTING IT WITH
BOTH BARRELS
THIS TIME.

MISSILE ON
THE LEFT
AND A SUICIDE
RUN ON THE
OTHER.

THIS SOLUTION
WILL HAVE TO BE
FASTER STILL!

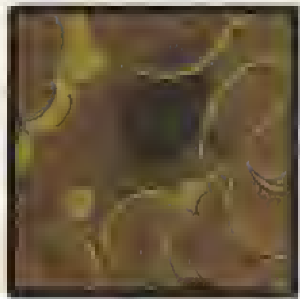
HEAT
VISION

OUT AT
SECOND.

WAKOON

OUT AT
FIRST.

DOUBLE
PLAY.

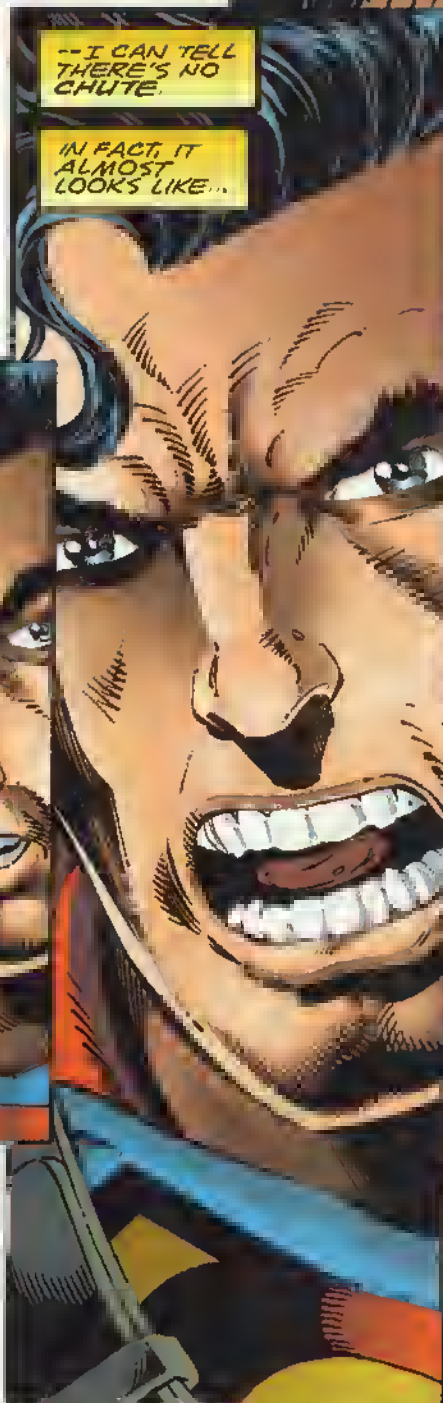
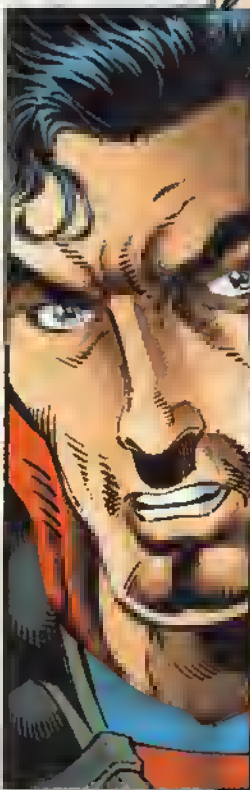


THE PILOT
EJECTED.

I SHOULD
IGNORE
HIM, BUT
EVEN WITH
ALL THIS
SMOKE--

--I CAN TELL
THERE'S NO
CHUTE.

IN FACT, IT
ALMOST
LOOKS LIKE...



...LIKE...

NO!

IMPOSSIBLE!



DOOMSDAY!

KRYPTONIAN.

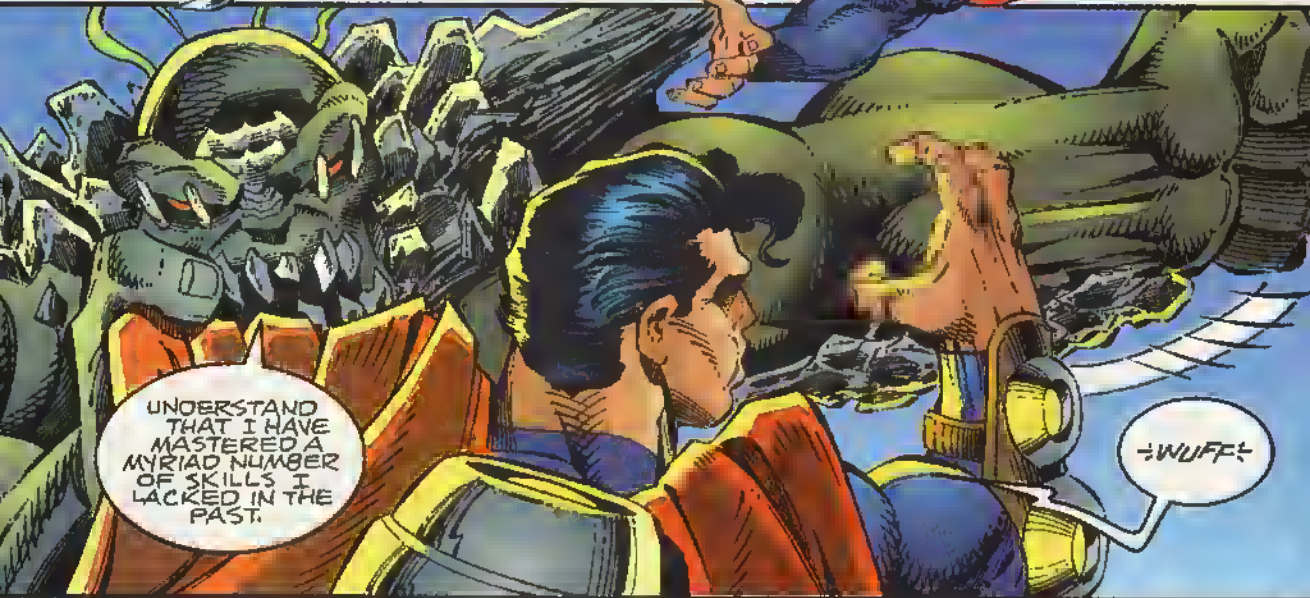
A PLEASURE
TO SEE YOU
AGAIN, OLD
FRIEND.



ALTHOUGH I SHOULD MOST CERTAINLY REFRAIN FROM CALLING YOU "FRIEND."

YOU'RE BACK?

YOU CAN TALK?



UNDERSTAND THAT I HAVE MASTERED A MYRIAD NUMBER OF SKILLS I LACKED IN THE PAST.

-WUFF-



AS EVER, YOUR ELOQUENCE IS REMARKABLE

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CRAWLED OUT OF THE HELL YOU WERE BANISHED TO--

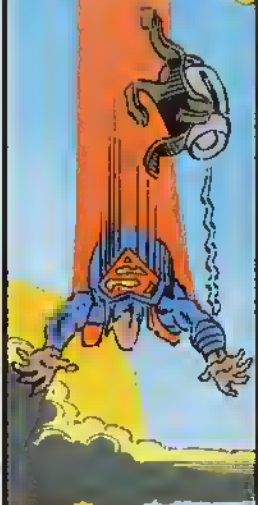
--BUT I SWEAR--

--I WILL SEND YOU BACK!

AT THIS MOMENT,
I'D VENTURE TO
SAY YOU ARE THE
ONLY ONE HEADING
IN THAT PARTICULAR
DIRECTION.



SHWAK



OF ALL THE
CREATURES
ACROSS ALL
THE GALAXIES
I'VE EVER
FOUGHT--



--THAN
DOOMSDAY.

ONLY A MICRO-
SECOND TO
GRAB THE
VENTILATOR--

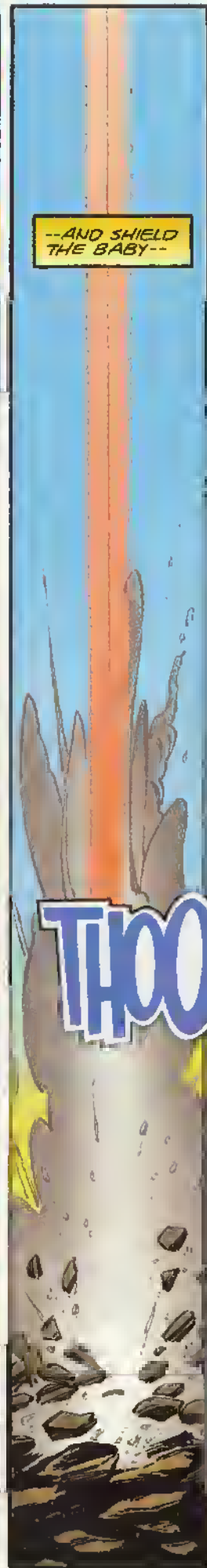
--NO ONE
HITS
HARDER--

--OR IS
MORE
DEADLY--



--AND SHIELD
THE BABY--

THOOOM



--FROM THE
FORCE OF A
BLOW THAT
LEAVES ME
A FULL
TWENTY
FEET BELOW
GROUND.



YOU ARE
DOUBTLESS
EXPECTING
A MERELY
PHYSICAL CONTEST
AT THIS POINT,
KRYPTONIAN.

MILDLY
APPEALING,
BUT LACKING
IN THE STRATEGIC
TACTICS I PREFER TO
EMPLOY THESE DAYS.

EVEN WITH LIMITED INTELLIGENCE, DOOMSDAY WAS
NOTHING LESS THAN THE
PERFECT KILLING MACHINE.

GIVE HIM A REAL
BRAIN AND--



IS THIS
HIS
DOING?



NEVER
ENCOUNTERED
AN ALLOY
LIKE THIS
BEFORE.

EVEN AT
MAXIMUM
INTENSITY,
MY HEAT
VISION IS
USELESS!



WAIT. I HAVE
SEEN THIS
ALLOY!

THESE CHAINS
KEPT DOOMSDAY
IMPRISONED FOR
YEARS!

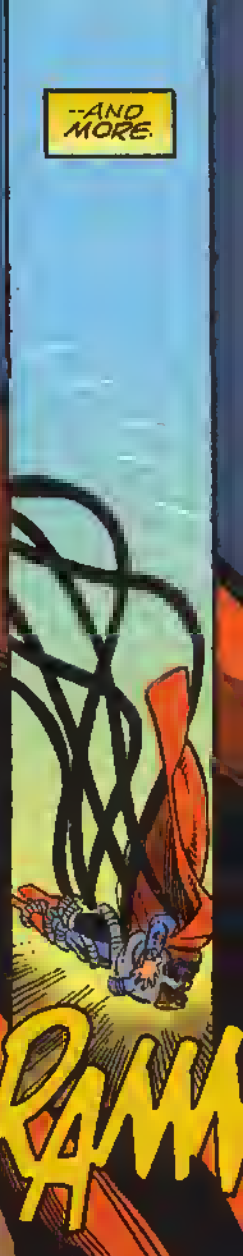


WHOEVER
SENT HIM
HERE

--WHOEVER
GAVE HIM
INTELLIGENCE--



--IS COMING
AT ME WITH
EVERYTHING
THEY'VE
GOT--



--AND
MORE.



I JUMP UP RIGHT
AWAY, NOT WANTING
TO BE TAKEN BY
SURPRISE.

I MAKE IT A
PRACTICE TO
BE READY FOR
ANYTHING.

BRAM

EXCEPT
THIS.

I
RECOGNIZE
THAT
TECHNOLOGY!

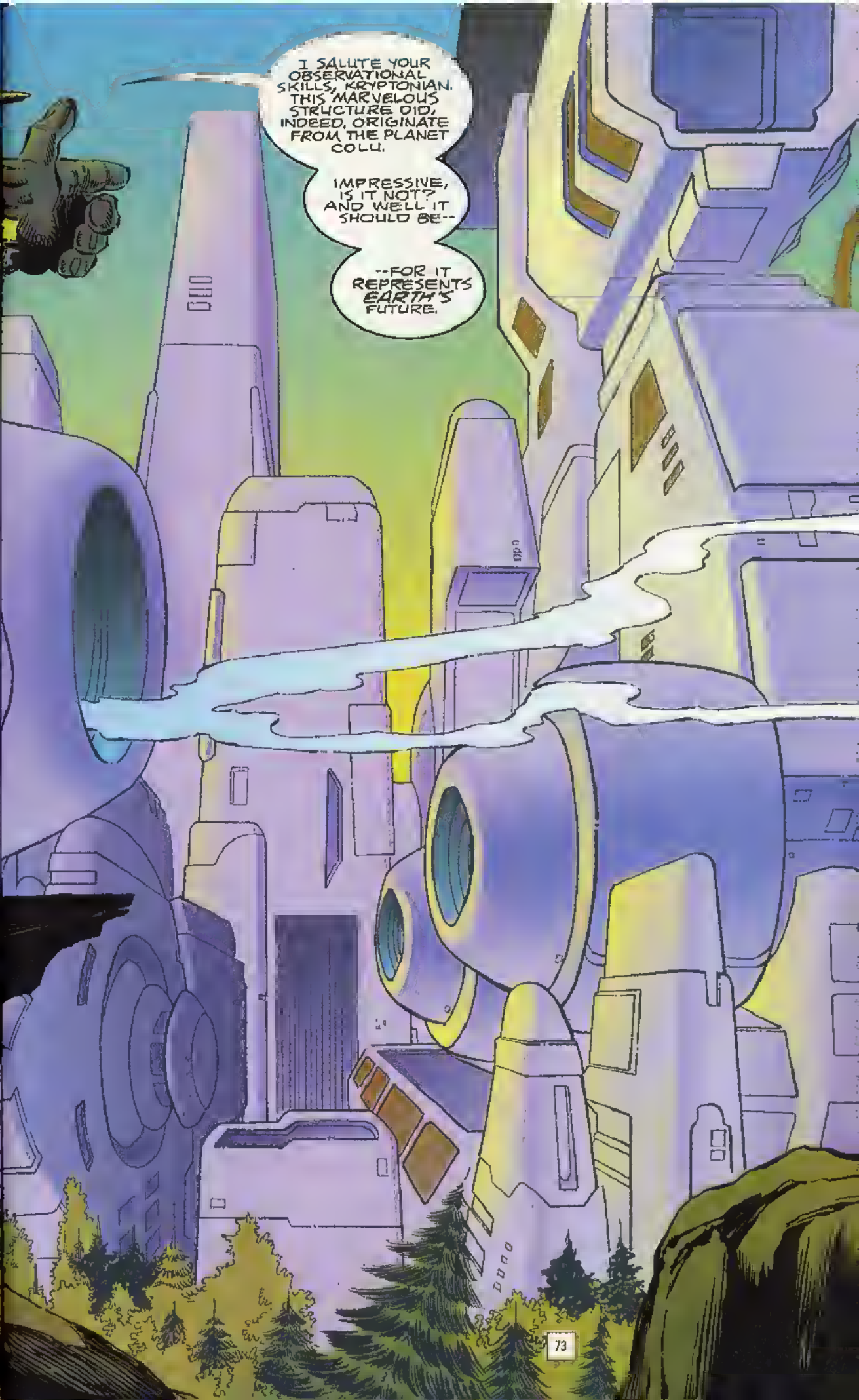
IT'S
COLUAN!



I SALUTE YOUR
OBSERVATIONAL
SKILLS, KRYPTONIAN.
THIS MARVELOUS
STRUCTURE DID,
INDEED, ORIGINATE
FROM THE PLANET
COLU.

IMPRESSIVE,
IS IT NOT?
AND WELL IT
SHOULD BE--

--FOR IT
REPRESENTS
EARTH'S
FUTURE.





THIS
EXPLAINS
IT.

YOU'RE
A ROBOT OR
CLONE... BREED
WITH SOME
LEVEL OF
INTELLIGENCE!

PLEASE,
KRYPTONIAN.



DO
NOT
INSULT
ME.

I AM FAR,
FAR MORE
THAN YOU DARE
DREAM!

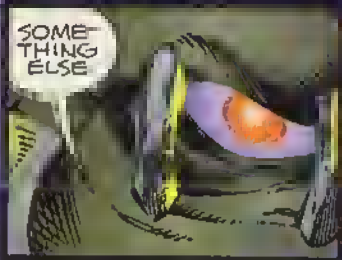
YOUR
ULTIMATE
NIGHTMARE
MADE REAL!



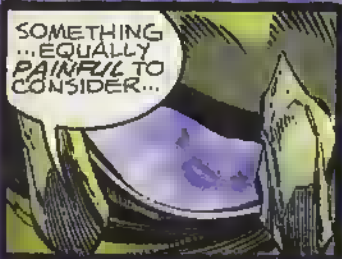
PERHAPS A
DEMONSTRATION
IS IN
ORDER.



NOT OF THE
BRUTE, SAVAGE
STRENGTH
YOU EXPECT.



SOME-
THING
ELSE



SOMETHING
...EQUALLY
PAINFUL TO
CONSIDER...



SOME-
THING
...SUCH AS
THIS.

ARRGH!

A TELE-
PATHIC
BLAST
...?!

LIKE THE FLINTY
SPARKLE OF LIGHTERS
AT A ROCK CONCERT--

--A CASCADE OF
IMAGES FLASHES
AND EXPLODES
THROUGH MY
MIND.

"YOU DESIRE ANSWERS,
KRYPTONIAN. LET US
BEGIN WITH DOOM'S-
DAY'S DEMISE.

"WE'D NEARLY BEATEN
YOU UNTIL WAVERIDER
TOOK YOU BOTH TO THE
END OF TIME ITSELF--


"--WHERE ENTROPY
EATS AWAY AT EVERY-
THING, CAUSING THE
END OF ALL
EXISTENCE!

"YOU ABANDONED
HIM THERE, AND,
THOUGH YOU DID
NOT WITNESS
HIS FATE--

"--YOU KNEW
WELL WHAT
MUST HAVE
HAPPENED.

"THE CRUSHING
FORCE OF THE
END ENGULFED
HIM.

"EVEN THE
SINGLE, MOST
PERFECT
EXAMPLE OF
SURVIVAL THE
UNIVERSE HAD
EVER KNOWN
COULD NOT
SURVIVE SUCH
A FORCE.



"UNTIL THE CALAMITOUS
EVENT KNOWN AS ZERO
HOUR.

"A FORMER COLLEAGUE
OF YOURS, NOW CALLED
PARALLAX, ATTEMPTED
TO CREATE NEW WORLDS
AND TIMELINES.

"FOOL THAT HE WAS,
UNABLE TO CONTROL
THE FORCES HE'D UN-
LEASHED, ENTIRE
TIMELINES BEGAN TO
COLLAPSE--

"--AS ALTERNATE
REALITIES SEEPEO
IN AND OUT OF
EXISTENCE.

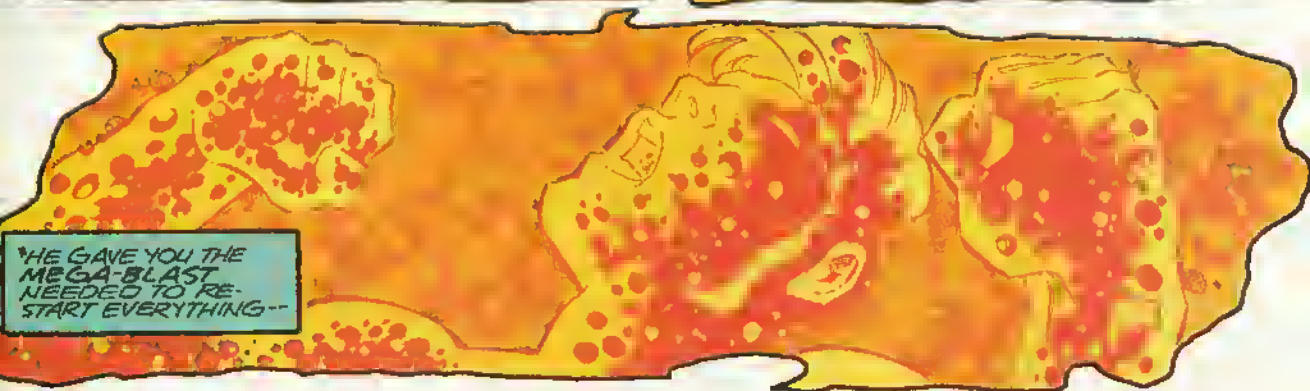
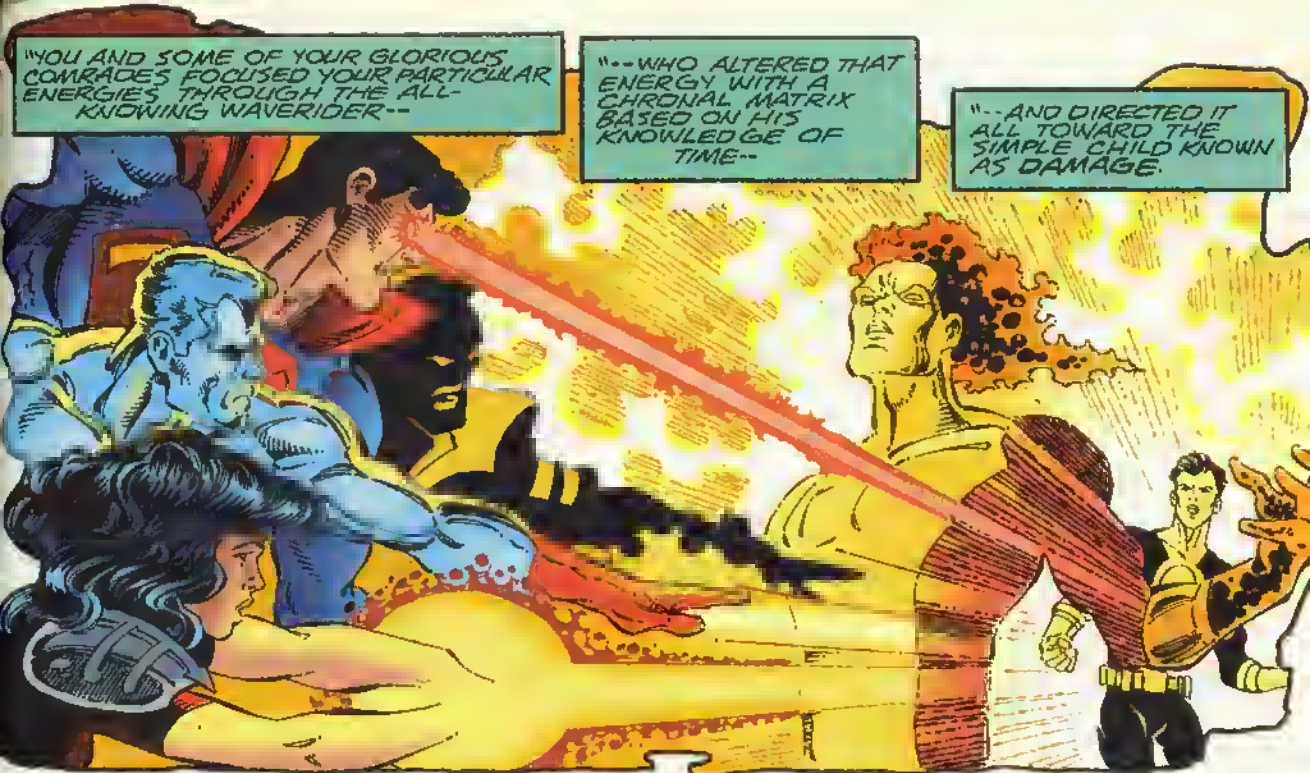
"THE LEVEL OF CHAOS
REACHED A CRESCENDO
WHEN THE ONE, TRUE
TIMELINE CRUMBLEO
AS WELL.

"YOU WERE, AS IT'S QUIPPED ON EARTH,
ABOUT TO EARN YOUR PAY.

"YOU AND SOME OF YOUR GLORIOUS
COMRADES FOCUSED YOUR PARTICULAR
ENERGIES THROUGH THE ALL-
KNOWING WAVERIDER--

"--WHO ALTERED THAT
ENERGY WITH A
CHRONAL MATRIX
BASED ON HIS
KNOWLEDGE OF
TIME--

"--AND DIRECTED IT
ALL TOWARD THE
SIMPLE CHILD KNOWN
AS DAMAGE.



"HE GAVE YOU THE
MEGA-BLAST
NEEDED TO RE-
START EVERYTHING--


"--IN A FLASH OF
SPECTACULAR
WHITE LIGHT.

"AN AMAZING FEAT,
THE RECONSTRUCTION
OF TIME AND
EXISTENCE.

"I'D NOT THOUGHT YOU
HUMANS CAPABLE OF
CONCEIVING, MUCH LESS
EXECUTING, SUCH A
GRAND SCHEME.

"EVEN THE LINEAR MEN,
WATCHING FROM VANISHING
POINT, WOULD SEEM
UNEQUAL TO THE TASK.





"BUT THE RECONSTRUCTION
OF THE TIMELINE MEANT
EVERYTHING HAD TO
HAPPEN AGAIN.

"JUST AS BEFORE, YOU AND DOOMSDAY FOUGHT
TO THE SAME CONCLUSION, WITH YOU AND YOUR
INTERFERING FRIEND LEAVING YOUR FOE TO BE
CRUSHED BY ENTROPY!

"FORTUNATELY, OTHERS
WANTED DOOMSDAY
ALIVE, AND THIS WAS
A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

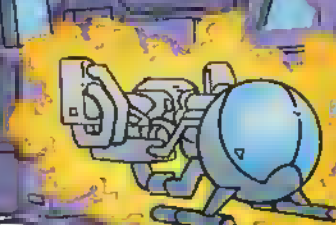
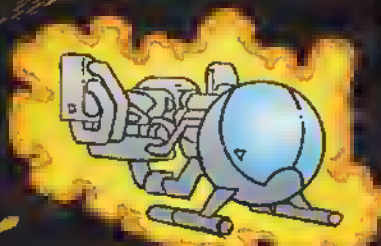
"IMMEDIATELY AFTER
YOU LEFT, A SAVIOR
ARRIVED.

"ONE WHO RESCUED HIM BEFORE
ENTROPY DID ITS WORK.

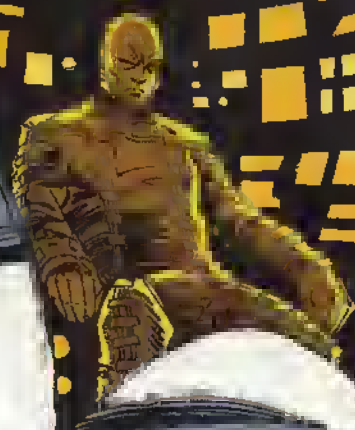
"A MICROSECOND
BEFORE DEATH,
DOOMSDAY WAS
SAVED--

"--AND TAKEN TO THE MOST
TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED
WORLD IN ALL THE UNIVERSES
...COLU.

"COLUANS ARE
FORBIDDEN BY
LAW FROM TIME
TRAVEL AND LIKE
EXPERIMENTATION--



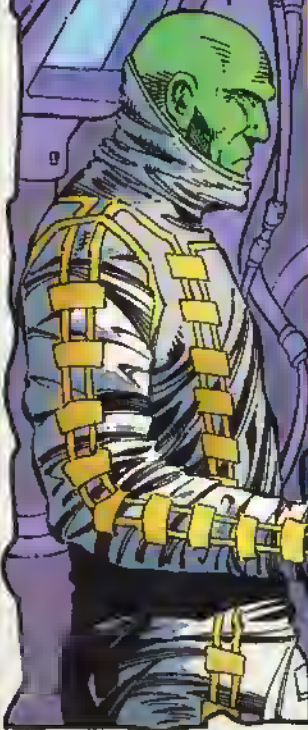
"--BUT PRIN VNOK
IGNORED THOSE LAWS.



"HE ALONE UNDERSTOOD THE
GAIN TO BE ACHIEVED IN
RESCUING DOOMSDAY."

MY MISSION
WAS A SUCCESS.
THE LIVING
ENGINE OF
DESTRUCTION
IS OURS!

EXCELLENT.



HOW FORTUNATE THAT COLUAN TIME-TRAVEL TECHNOLOGY ALLOWED US TO LEARN THE FATE OF THE DESIGNATE. WHERE IS HE?

DOOMSDAY IS IN STASIS, MASTER. HEALTHY, WHOLE--

--AND READY FOR PROCESSING.

YOU REALIZE YOUR ACTIONS ARE IN VIOLATION OF THE LAWS OF COLU?

PERHAPS, BUT YOU LED THE REBELLION AGAINST THE COMPUTER TYRANTS OF COLU! TO SERVE YOU--

--IS AN HONOR!

YOU HAVE SERVED ME WELL, MONITORING MY ACTIONS ON EARTH.

DESPITE MY INTELLECTUAL DEFICIENCY--

--THIS WEAK, PATHETIC BODY HAS BEEN DEFEATED REPEATEDLY!

NEVER AGAIN, MASTER! ONCE WE HAVE COMPLETED THE PROCESS--

--THE ULTIMATE LIFE FORM WILL BE YOURS!

MORE TO THE POINT, THAT LIFE FORM--

--WILL BE--

--ME!

WE MUST HURRY, MASTER. YOUR PRESENT BODY IS WITHOUT SALVATION.

IN FACT, IT WILL CEASE TO FUNCTION WITHIN MINUTES.

LET THE PROCEDURE BEGIN!

THOUGH YOU MIGHT ACCOMPLISH TRANSFER ON YOUR OWN--

--A TECHNO-CHEMICAL ASSIST WILL MAKE IT PERMANENT AS WE DESTROY ANY TRACE OF THE CREATURE'S OWN MIND.

TO DO SO, THE STASIS FIELD MUST BE DROPPED FOR A SECOND.

PREPARE.

???

RRRRRAA
AHHHRR
RRRRR!

QUICKLY!
INITIATE THE
TRANSFER!

Y-YES,
MASTER!

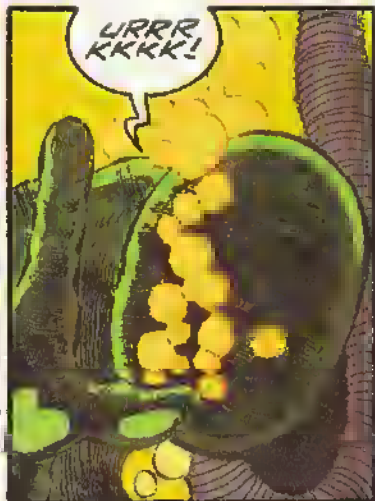


SKRIPP

**RAH
HHR!**

**INCREDIBLE!
I... I NEVER
DREAMED HE
COULD MOVE
SO FAST!**

**VNOK! HE
SHREDDED THE
TRANSFER
AND LIFE
SUPPORT--!**



**URRR
KKKK!**

**NO! YOUR
BODY HAS
EXPIRED
TOO SOON!**



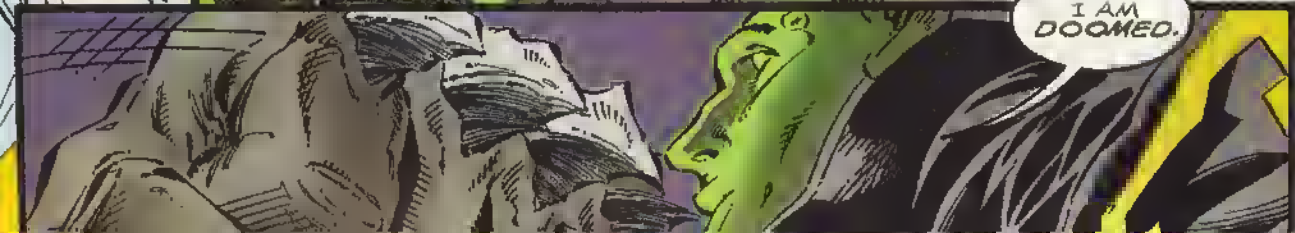
MASTER?

MASTER?



SKRAASH

**YAHHR
HHR!**



**I AM
DOOMED.**



WHA--?

YOU...
MASTER?

YOU
ACCOMPLISHED
THIS...ON YOUR
OWN?



IT'S CALLED
POWER,
VNOK.

ALL
I FEEL,
ALL I
KNOW...

...IS
POWER.

BUT... I THOUGHT
YOU'D BE UNABLE
TO CONTROL THIS
ONE WITHOUT THE
TECHNO-CHEMICAL
ASSIST!

THAT HE WOULD
EVENTUALLY
OVERCOME
YOU!

BEFORE THAT
HAPPENS, WE
WILL GROW A
NEW BODY FOR
ME TO INHABIT.
JUST AS DOOM'S
DAY WAS GROWN
THOUSANDS OF
TIMES OVER.

WE'LL INTRODUCE
NEW TISSUE TO
ENSURE THE BODY
WILL BE DEVOID
OF HIS SIMPLISTIC
MIND.



FOR THAT,
WE RETURN TO
EARTH--

--AND
THE VERY DAY
THAT SUPERMAN
LEFT ME TO DIE ON
THE STREETS OF
METROPOLIS!

SO.

THE TRUTH
IS KNOWN TO
YOU AT LAST,
KRYPTONIAN.

YOU FACE A
BEING FAR MORE
LETHAL THAN A
DOOMSDAY
WHO SIMPLY
SPEAKS.

I...NEVER
WOULD'VE
GUESSED--!

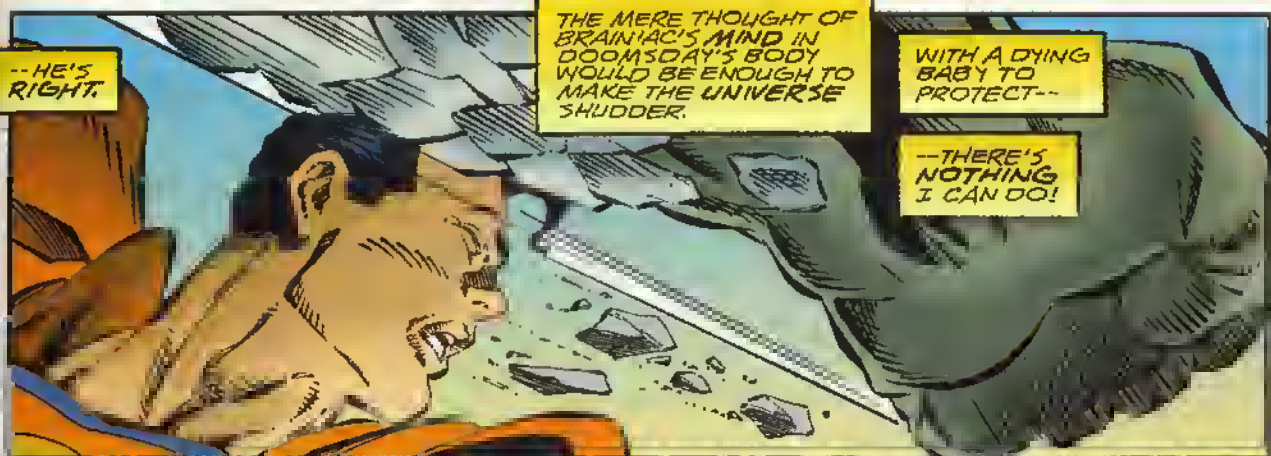
BRAINIAC.

DOOMS-
DAY.

IN
ONE.

AND THE
SUM IS YOUR
DEATH!!

MUCH AS
I HATE TO
ADMIT IT--



--HE'S
RIGHT.

THE MERE THOUGHT OF
BRAINIAC'S MIND IN
DOOMSDAY'S BODY
WOULD BE ENOUGH TO
MAKE THE UNIVERSE
SHUDDER.

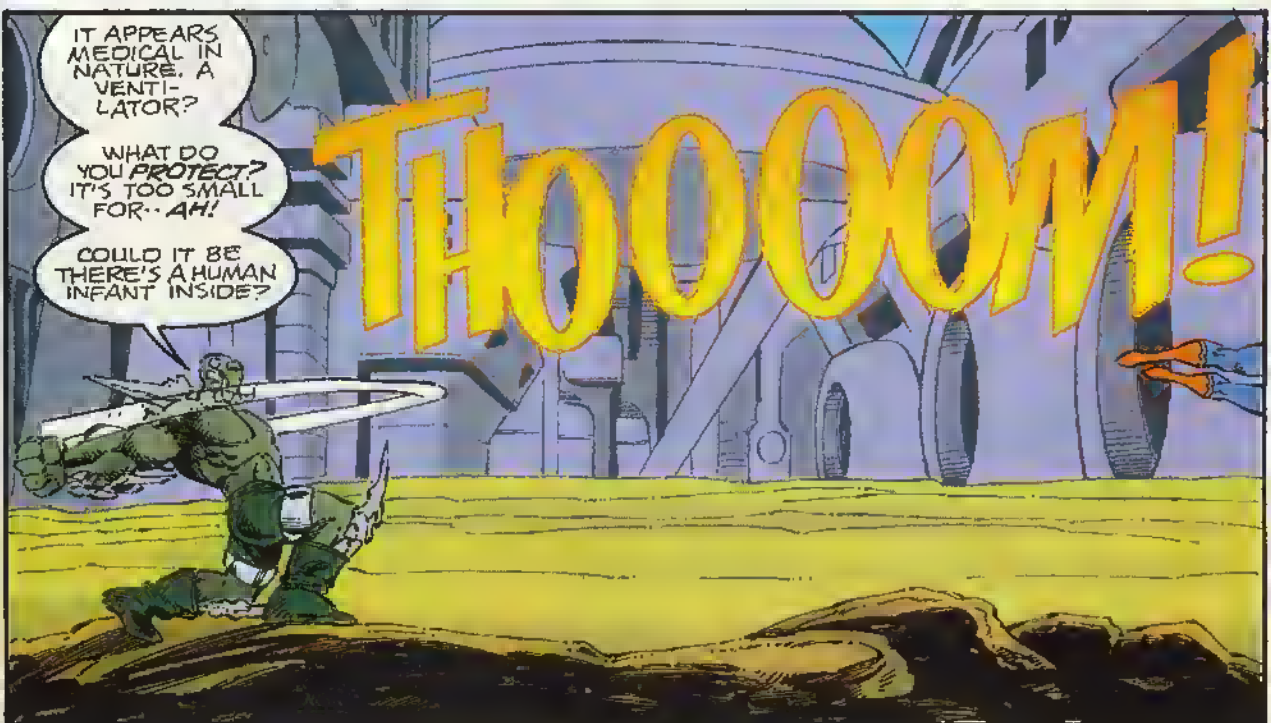
WITH A DYING
BABY TO
PROTECT--

--THERE'S
NOTHING
I CAN DO!



WHY DON'T
YOU *FIGHT*,
KRYPTONIAN?

WHAT IS
THAT DEVICE
YOU HOLD SO
CLOSE TO YOUR
HEART?



IT APPEARS
MEDICAL IN
NATURE. A
VENTI-
LATOR?

WHAT DO
YOU *PROTECT*?
IT'S TOO SMALL
FOR... AH!

COULD IT BE
THERE'S A HUMAN
INFANT INSIDE?

THOOOOM!



WHY? THE
CHILD OF A
PRESIDENT?
A KING?

HAVE TO
GET THE
BABY TO
SAFETY!



YOUR
OWN
PERHAPS?

NO!



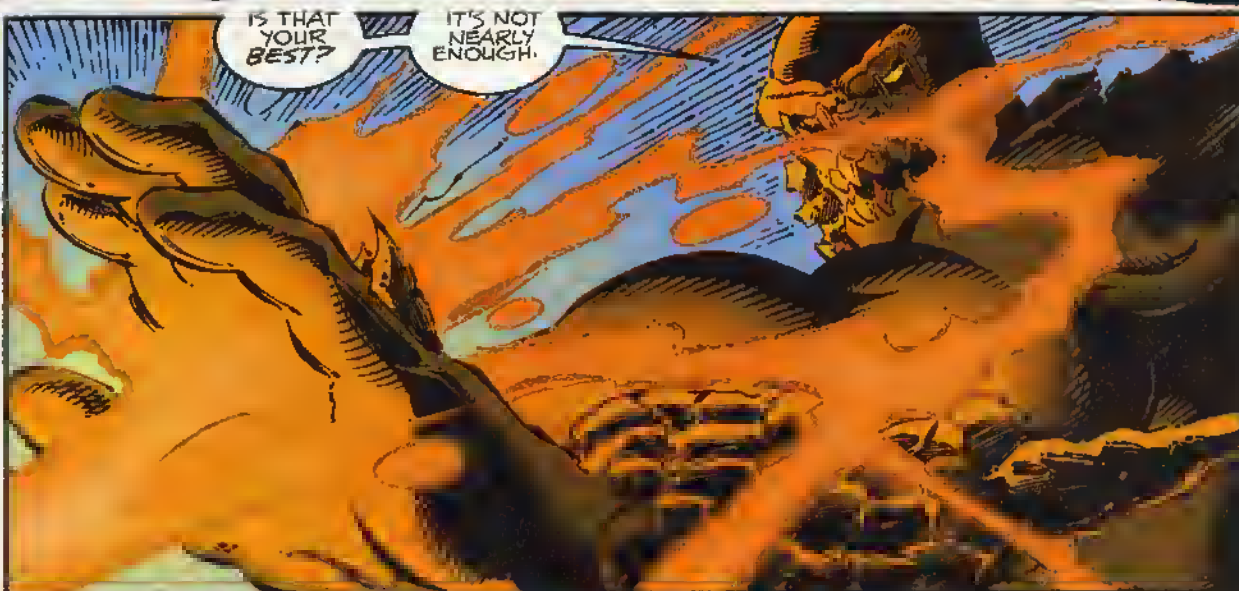
NO
MATTER.

HE'S AS
GOOD AS
DEAD.

YOU HAVE MORE
IMMEDIATE
CONCERNS.

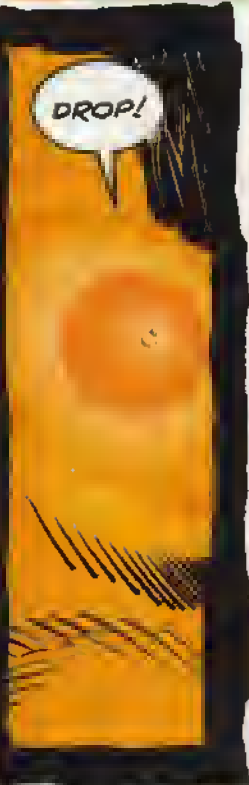


SO DO YOU.

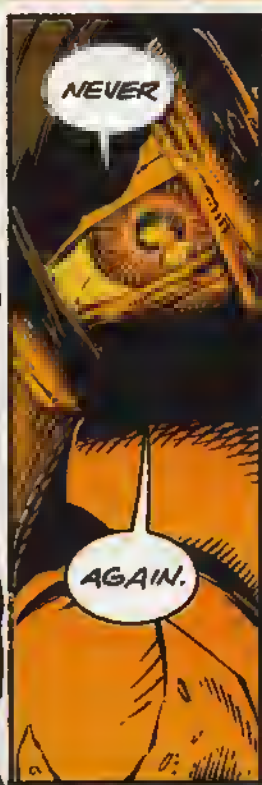


IS THAT YOUR BEST?

IT'S NOT NEARLY ENOUGH.

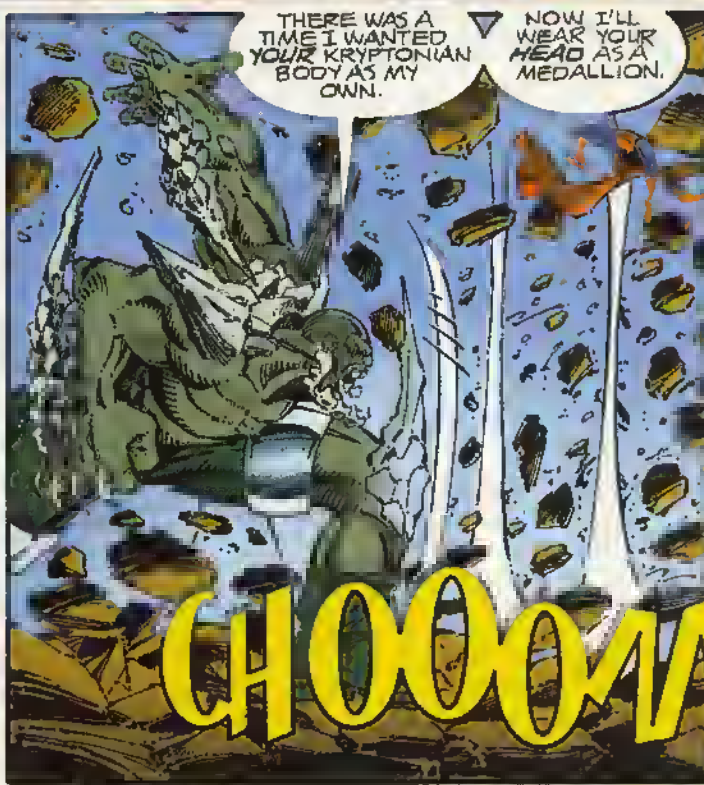


DROP!



NEVER

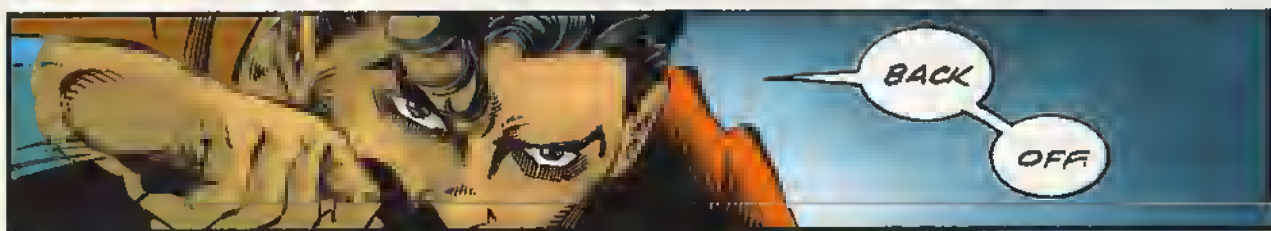
AGAIN.

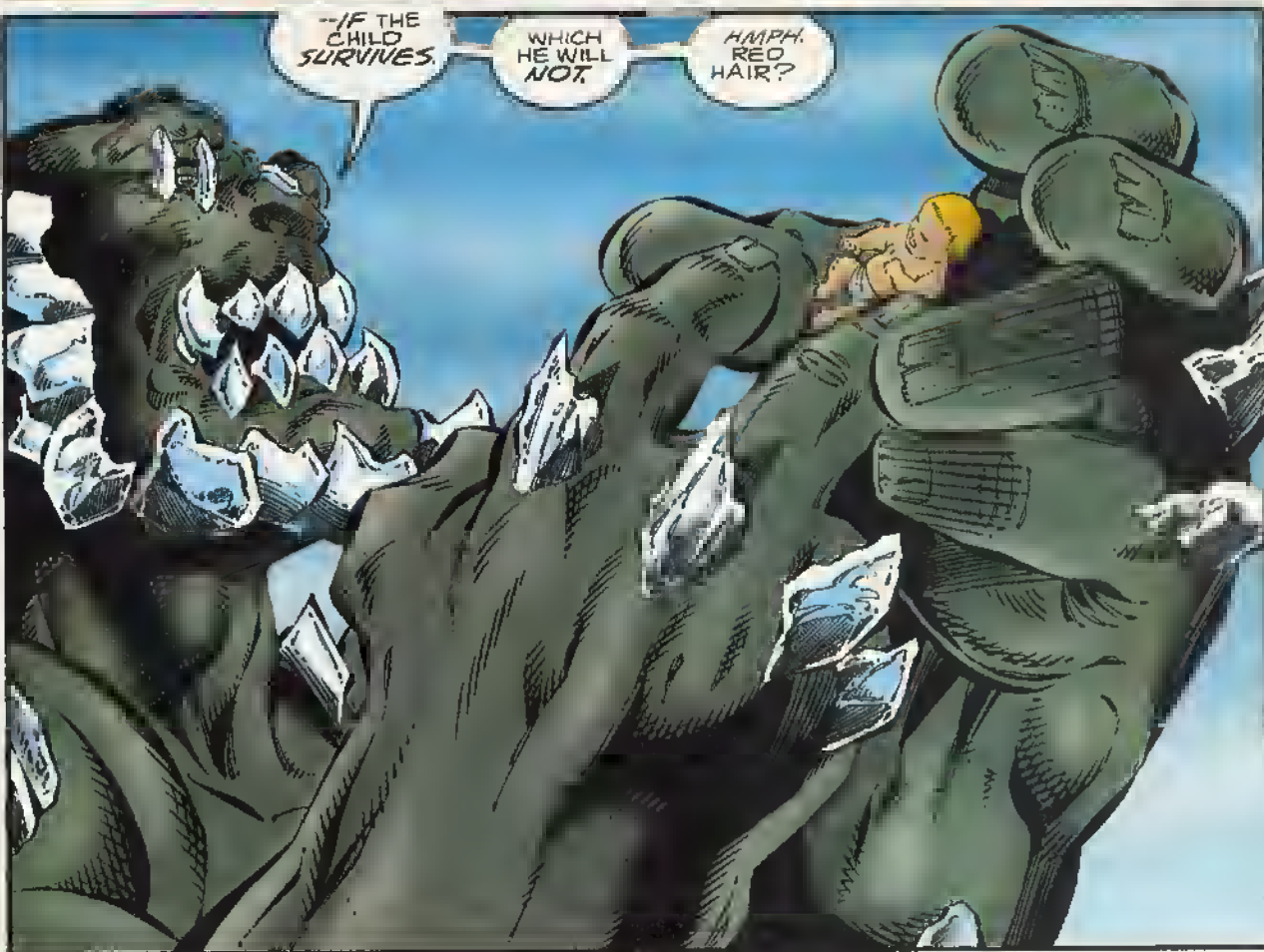


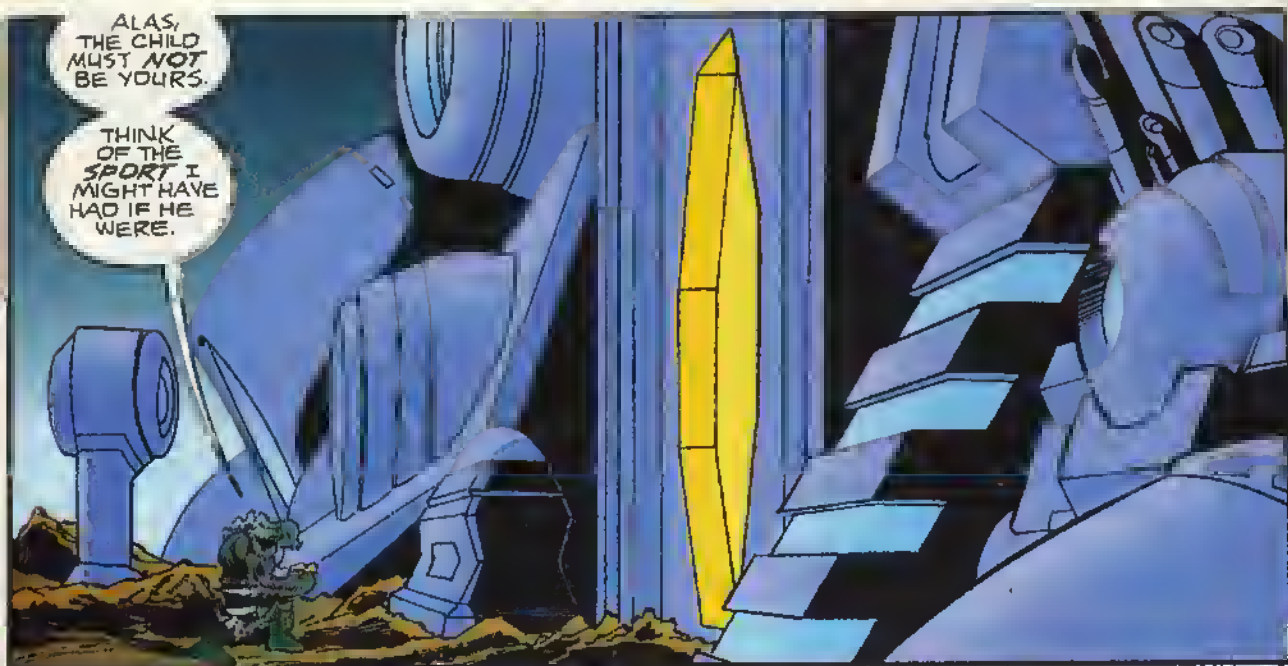
THERE WAS A TIME I WANTED YOUR KRYPTONIAN BODY AS MY OWN.

NOW I'LL WEAR YOUR HEAD AS A MEDALLION.

CHOOOAAA







ALAS,
THE CHILD
MUST *NOT*
BE YOURS.

THINK
OF THE
SPORT I
MIGHT HAVE
HAD IF HE
WERE.



NEVERTHELESS,
HE IS OF GREAT
USE TO ME.

COMPUTER!

AWAITING YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS,
BRAINIAC.

IMMEDIATE
ASSEMBLY. LIFE
SUPPORT UNIT
FOR A PREMATURE,
HUMAN MALE
INFANT.

PRESSURIZED,
DIRECT OXYGEN
FEED, THE PROPER
STIMULANTS FOR
CARDIOPULMONARY
AND RESPIRATORY
REGULATION.

CONSTRUCTION
IMPLEMENTED.



FASTER. DOOMSDAY'S
SINGLE REASON FOR
EXISTENCE IS TO
SURVIVE. EVEN NOW
I CAN FEEL HIS
PERSONALITY
STRUGGLING TO
FORCE ME OUT.

WE *MUST* GROW FOR
ME A NEW BODY... ONE
DEVOID OF THAT
PERSONALITY--

--FROM THE
RAW TISSUE OF
THIS MISSHAPEN
HUMAN INFANT!

VENTILATOR
COMPLETE.



EXCELLENT.
FOR THOSE
AMONG YOU WHO
MUST BE REPULSED
BY WHAT I PLAN,
THIS MUST BE A
RATHER GALLING
MOMENT.



FOR YOU
SURELY REALIZE
BY NOW THAT
THERE IS
NOTHING YOU
CAN DO TO
STOP ME.

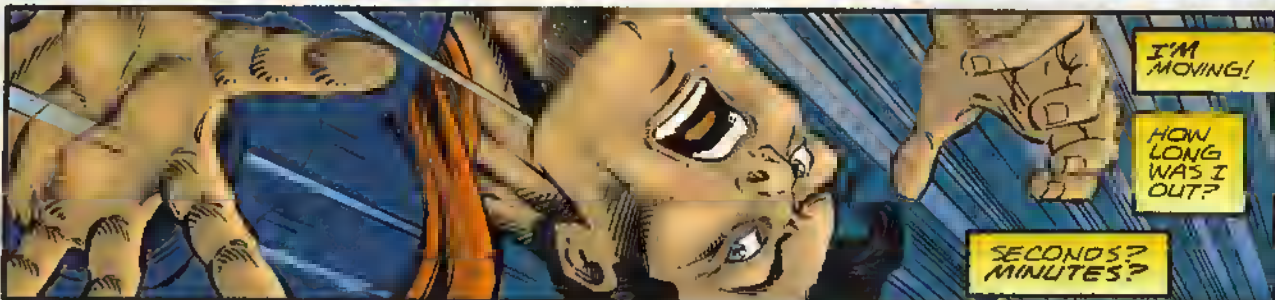
NOR CAN THE
KRYPTONIAN.

NOT WHEN
HE'LL SOON BE
RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE
DEATHS OF
HUNDREDS.



IT'S THE WIND THAT
WAKES ME UP.

NO. NOT
THE WIND
EXACTLY...



I'M
MOVING!

HOW
LONG
WAS I
OUT?

SECONDS?
MINUTES?



HAVE TO FIGURE OUT
WHERE I AM.

WANNA STOP, BUT BODY
FEELS LIKE JELLY. HEAD'S
STILL SPINNING, SO
GROGGY...

...CAN'T...



A
PLANE
?!

NO!

BRAINIAC
WANTED
THIS!

SAW FAR ENOUGH
TO SEE THE PLANE--

--AND PLOTTED
THE COURSE!

NO TIME TO
WASTE, CLARK!
GET YOUR ACT
TOGETHER--

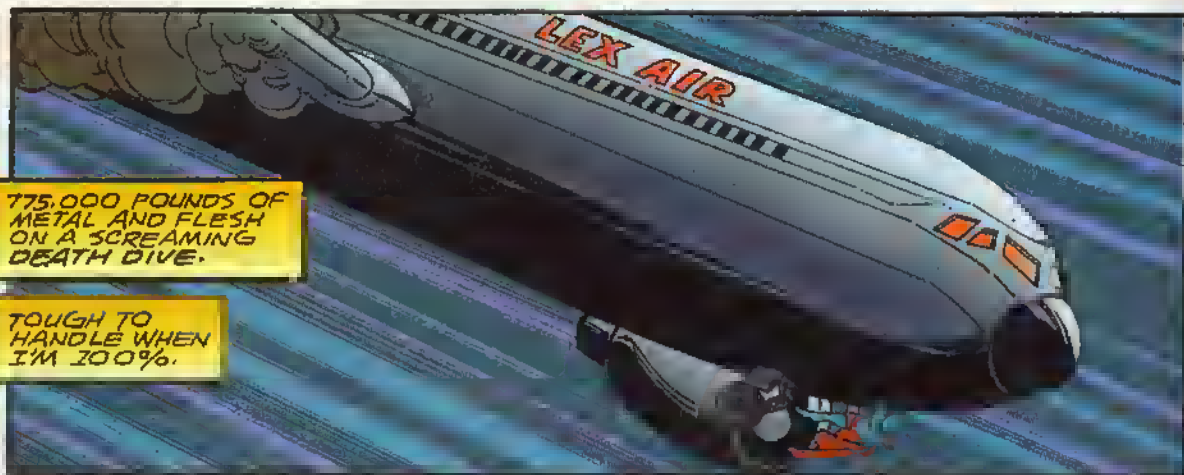
--AND
MOVE!

FEELS LIKE I'M...
WATCHING SOMEONE
ELSE DO THIS.

LIKE I'M...
DETACHED.

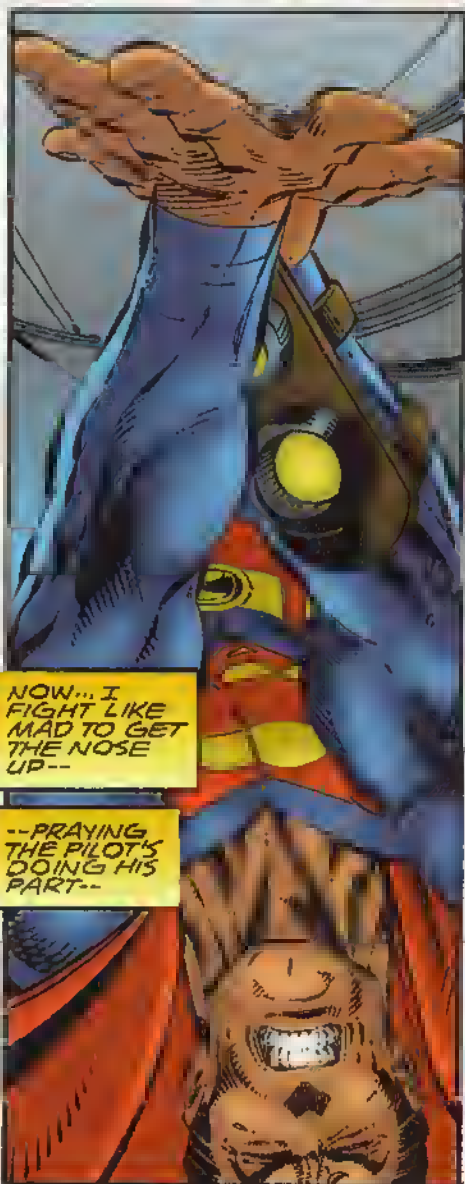
MUST HAVE A
CONCUSSION.

AT LEAST I CAN BLOW
OUT THE FIRE.



775,000 POUNDS OF
METAL AND FLESH
ON A SCREAMING
DEATH DIVE.

TOUGH TO
HANDLE WHEN
I'M 100%.



NOW... I
FIGHT LIKE
MAD TO GET
THE NOSE
UP--

--PRAYING
THE PILOT'S
DOING HIS
PART--



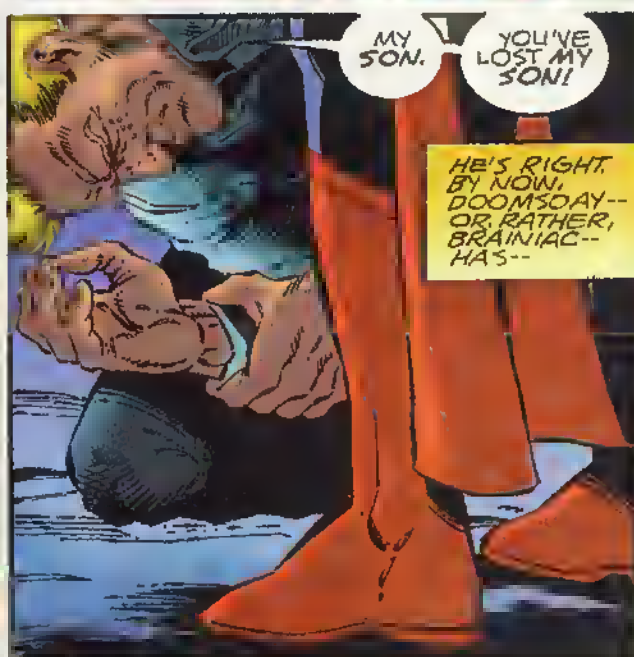
--BY LOWERING THE
LANDING GEAR!

WE'RE
BLESSED
WITH FLAT
GROUND
AND A
SMOOTH
SURFACE.

SOME SAY IT'S
BETTER TO BE
LUCKY THAN
GOOD.

WHO AM I
TO ARGUE?





THE ALL-PERVASIVE
FEELING OF DEATH--

--AND
DESPAIR.

LANA,
YOU SAID
DEATH COMES
NATURALLY.
THAT IT'S NOT
ANYONE'S
FAULT.

BUT
THIS...THIS
IS MY
FAULT.

IS THAT...
BESSIE?

WHO?

BESSIE. THE
KENTS SAY
THEY GOT HER
THE SAME
DAY CLARK
WAS BORN.

CAN'T IMAGINE
HER NOT BEING
IN THE BARN. AND
THAT YOUNG ONE
UNDER HER?

IT'S *HERS*.
SHE WAS
TRYING IN
VAIN TO
PROTECT
HER OWN.

I'D GIVE ANY-
THING TO HAVE
PREVENTED THIS.

IT'S THE WEATHER,
CLARK! YOU'D HAVE TO
BE STARMAN OR GREEN
LANTERN TO DO THAT!

MAYBE. BUT I'D
STILL FAILED TO
STOP DEATH.

JUST AS I DID
WITH ADAM
GRANT.

JUST AS I
DID TODAY.

LET YOUR MEMORY DRIFT, AND YOU'LL FIND DAYS AND EVENTS REMEMBERED WITH SUCH CLARITY AND DETAIL--

--THAT THEY SEEM TO HAVE HAPPENED YESTERDAY, SAO
THING IS--

--THEY'RE
USUALLY
BAD.

BUMMER
CITY.

TELL
ME ABOUT
IT.

ARE
YOU SURE
THERE ISN'T
SOMETHING
YOU CAN
DO?

ROB
A BANK.
MAYBE. WANT
TO ROUND
UP SOME
GUNS?

BE SERIOUS,
CLARK! I MEAN,
HOW MUCH CAN
SEED COST?

GIRL!
GEEEEZE!

YOU EVER THOUGHT
ABOUT HOW MUCH
WHEAT AND CORN
THOSE FIELDS HOLD?

EIGHT
HUNDRED
ACRES!
WORTH,
PETE.

PA'S SO
DEEP IN DEBT,
HE CAN'T BUY
ENOUGH TO
PLANT A
GARDEN, MUCH
LESS ALL
THAT.

AND EVEN IF HE
DID, THERE
WOULDN'T BE ANY
LEFT FOR
FERTILIZER,
INSECTICIDE, OR
THE IRRIGATION
SYSTEM!

THE BANKS
WON'T HELP
AT ALL?

FUNNY
THING ABOUT
BANKS, LANA.
THEY ONLY
LEND MONEY
TO PEOPLE
WHO HAVE
MONEY.



PA'S HERO
WASN'T INSURED.
WHEN THEY
DIED, HE WAS
WIPE OUT

NOW THAT HE
CAN'T MAKE THE
PAYMENTS ON
THE FARM, THE
BANKS HAVE CUT
HIM OFF--

--AND THE
DEBT KEEPS
PILING UP



WE'RE DONE FOR,
AS DEAD AS THE
CATTLE THAT DIED
IN THE STORM
LAST WINTER.



AND IT'S
ALL MY
FAULT.

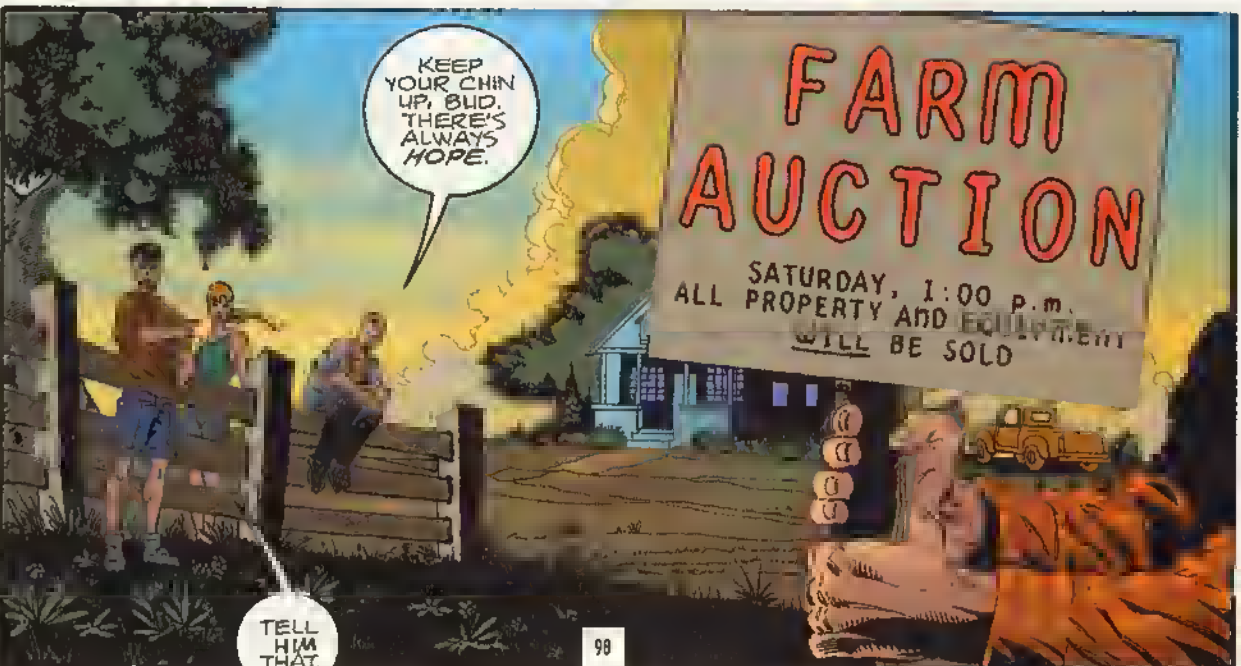


KEEP
YOUR CHIN
UP, BUD.
THERE'S
ALWAYS
HOPE.

FARM
AUCTION

SATURDAY, 1:00 p.m.
ALL PROPERTY AND EQUIPMENT
WILL BE SOLD

TELL
HIM
THAT.



WE WERE ALL OF
FIFTEEN THEN,
BEST FRIENDS,

FOREVER.

BUT THE PAIN OF
THAT DAY PALES
IN COMPARISON
TO THIS.

MY SON,
DEAD.

AND IT'S
YOUR FAULT,
SUPERMAN!

YOUR
FAULT!

I WISH I COULD TELL
HIM OTHERWISE,
I WISH HE WAS
WRONG.

BUT
HE'S
NOT.

WHY'D THAT GUY
PUNCH YOU, SUPER-
MAN? YOU WANT
US TO TIE HIM UP
OR SOMETHING?

NO.
MORE
THAN
ANY-
THING--

--I
WANT
YOU TO
TAKE
CARE
OF
HIM.

HE'S A
FRIEND.

MY SON.
MY...MY
BEAUTIFUL,
LITTLE
BABY
BOY...

KEEP...
KEEP YOUR
CHIN UP,
MISTER ROSS.
THERE'S
ALWAYS
HOPE.

KENT?
WHERE'S
CLARK?

WAIT HERE FOR THE
RESCUE CHOPPERS,
MR. ROSS. I'LL FIND
CLARK--

--AND
YOUR
SON.

LAST THING I WANT
TO DO IS BRING PETE AND
LANA THEIR LITTLE
BOY'S BODY, BUT HE
DESERVES A DECENT
BURIAL.

AS A CAPTIVE
OF DOOMSDAY...
MAKE THAT
BRAINIAC...

NO.

I WON'T
ACCEPT
THAT. NOT
YET.

WHAT CAN I
DO FOR YOU,
GENERAL?

THE GEORGIA SITUATION
IS BEYOND CRITICAL.
AQUAMAN! EVERY FIGHTER
AND BOMBER WE'VE SENT
INTO THE THEATER
OF OPERATIONS--

--HAS BEEN DOWNED.
A CIVILIAN AIRLINER
FROM KANSAS, AS WELL.

ENTIRE TOWNS
ARE ISOLATED.
WHAT ABOUT
YOUR TEAM?

NO WORD
I FEAR THE
WORST.

JLA
WATCH-
TOWER.
AQUAMAN
HERE.

THE FEELING'S
JUSTIFIED.

SUPERMAN?!
ABOUT TIME YOU
SHOWED UP!

SUPERMAN,
SATELLITE
PHOTOS
SHOW AN
ENORMOUS
COMPLEX THAT
APPEARED OUT
OF NO-
WHERE!

I KNOW
I'VE BEEN
THERE.

IT'S COLLIAN TECHNOLOGY,
GENERAL... ABLE TO CON-
TINUALLY FABRICATE MATE-
RIALS AND BUILD ITSELF
WITH RELENTLESS
EFFICIENCY AND
SPEED.

A WORLD SO
SOPHISTICATED
THAT EVERY
CENTIMETER IS
COVERED WITH
MACHINES AND
COMPUTERS.

COLL?
THE TECHNO-
PLANET?

THERE
HASN'T
BEEN SO
MUCH AS
A SINGLE
BLADE OF
GRASS FOR
CENTURIES.





"- THAT NOT EVEN
BRAINIAC WILL
SEE COMING!!!"

THE FAIL-SAFE
SOLUTION IS NOW
COMPLETE, BRAINIAC,
IN THE EVENTUALITY
YOU NEED IT, OF
COURSE.

I
WON'T.

BUT...
YOU SAID
YOU WOULD
BE UNABLE
TO CONTROL
DOOMSDAY'S
BODY INDEFI-
NITELY!



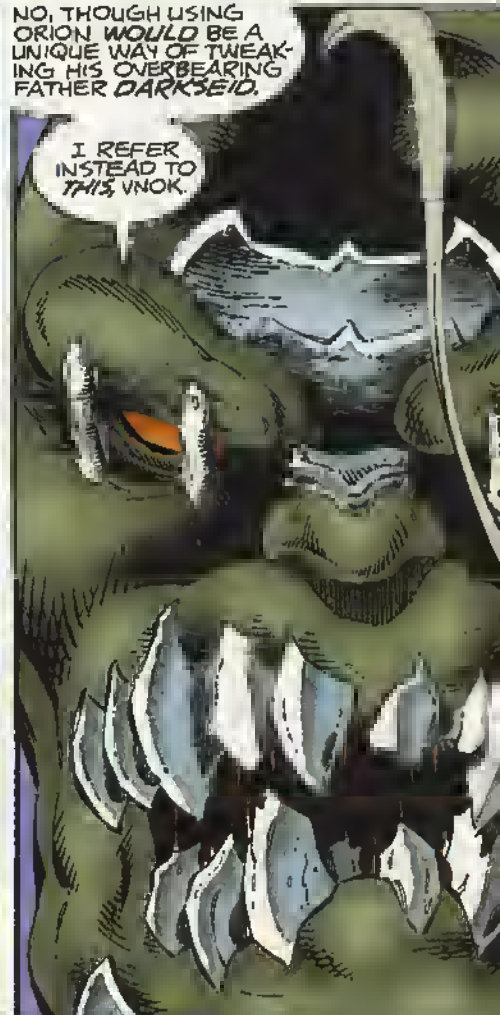
OH, I'LL
NEED A NEW
BODY. BUT IT
WON'T BE YOUR
FAIL-SAFE
SOLUTION,
VNOK.

WE'LL
GROW A NEW,
EQUALLY
POWERFUL
BODY FREE OF
THE MONSTER'S
SIMPLISTIC
INFLUENCE.

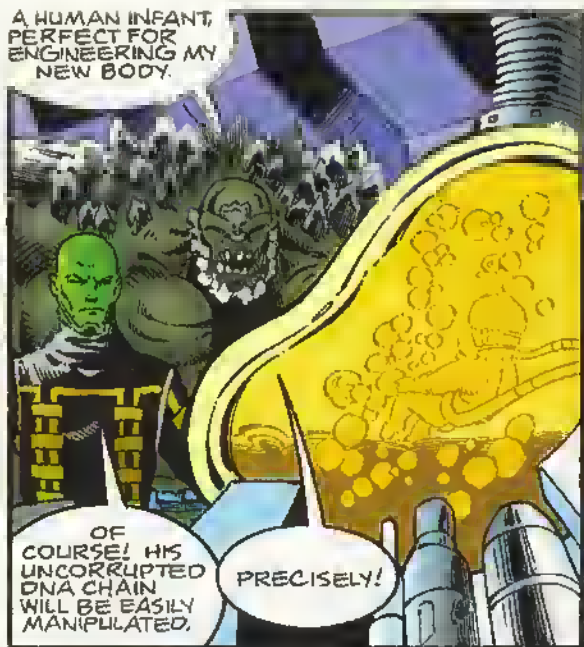
USING
GENETIC
MATERIAL
FROM ONE OF
THE JLA
MEMBERS?
ORION,
PERHAPS?

NO, THOUGH USING
ORION WOULD BE A
UNIQUE WAY OF TWEAK-
ING HIS OVERBEARING
FATHER DARKSEID.

I REFER
INSTEAD TO
THIS, VNOK.



A HUMAN INFANT,
PERFECT FOR
ENGINEERING MY
NEW BODY.



A PERFECT,
PERMANENT
HOUSING
FOR ME.

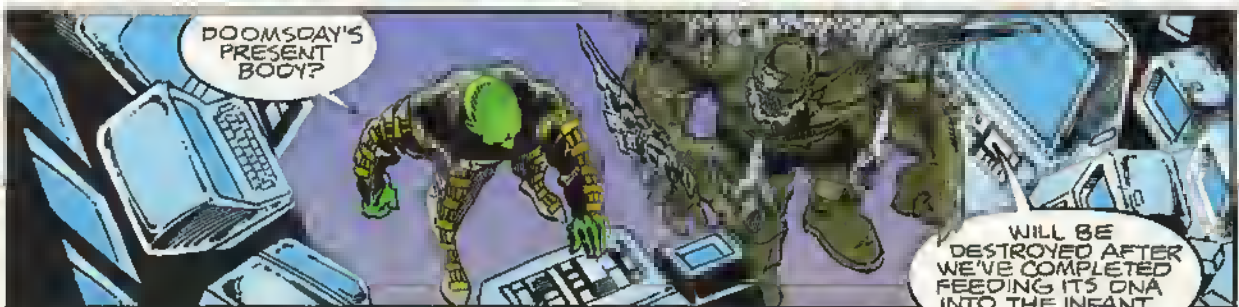


OF
COURSE! HIS
UNCORRUPTED
DNA CHAIN
WILL BE EASILY
MANIPULATED.

PRECISELY!

THE UNIVERSE'S
ULTIMATE INTELLECT
COMBINED WITH
THE ULTIMATE
BODY.

DOOMSDAY'S
PRESENT
BODY?



WILL BE
DESTROYED AFTER
WE'VE COMPLETED
FEEDING ITS DNA
INTO THE INFANT.

HOW LONG--
MASTER?



THE...BEAST
IS FIGHTING
BACK, VVOK.

TRYING TO
...CAST ME
OUT OF
HIS BODY.

ACCELERATE
THE ENGINEERING
PROCESS.

THE INFANT
MUST BE MUTATED
WHILE THERE'S
STILL TIME!





WONDER WOMAN, FLASH, ORION, AND J'ONN ARE STILL OUT, AND I'M STUCK.

IT'S UP TO YOU TO GET US OUT, LANTERN.

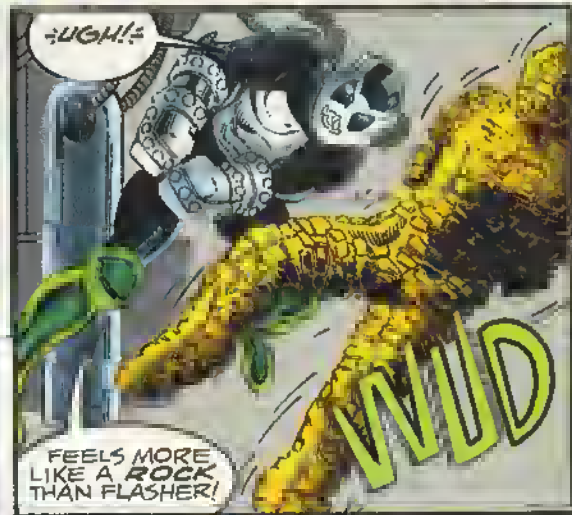
HOW? CAN'T SEE... CAN BARELY EVEN HEAR YOU, HUNTRESS!

THIS BLASTED HELMET HAS SHORTED OUT MY ABILITY TO COMMAND MY RING!

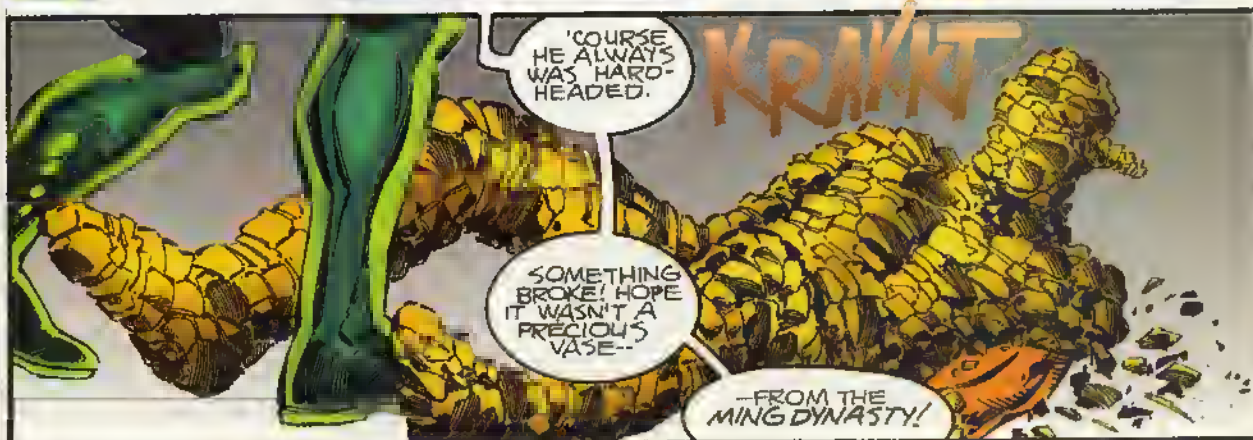


FLASH IS ABOUT SIX FEET TO YOUR RIGHT, COVERED IN SOME KIND OF SYNTHETIC CASING. HIT HIM HARD ENOUGH TO KNOCK HIM OVER--

AND IT MIGHT CRACK!



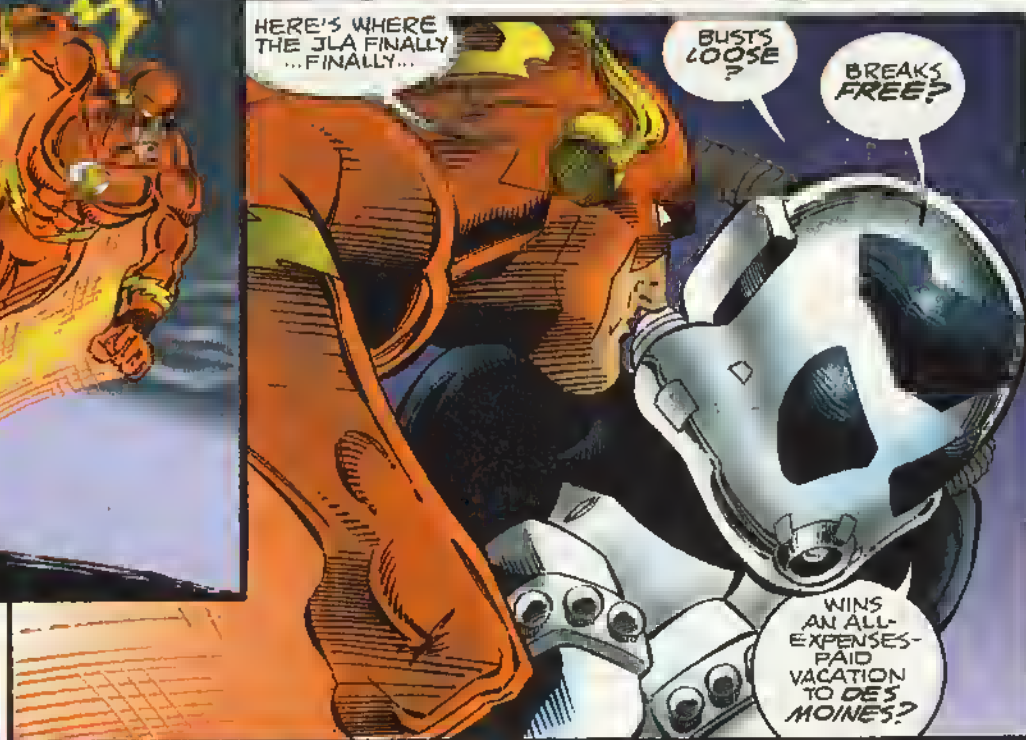
FEELS MORE LIKE A ROCK THAN FLASHER!

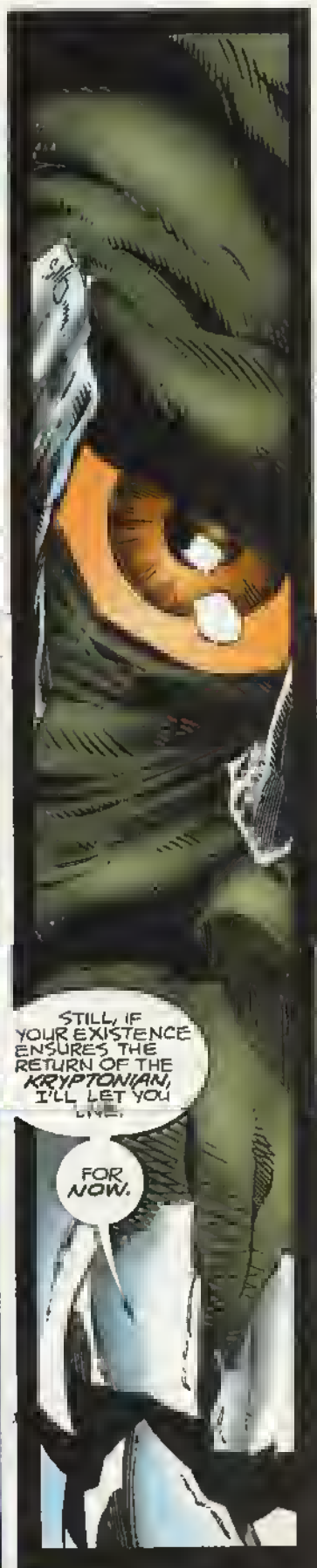
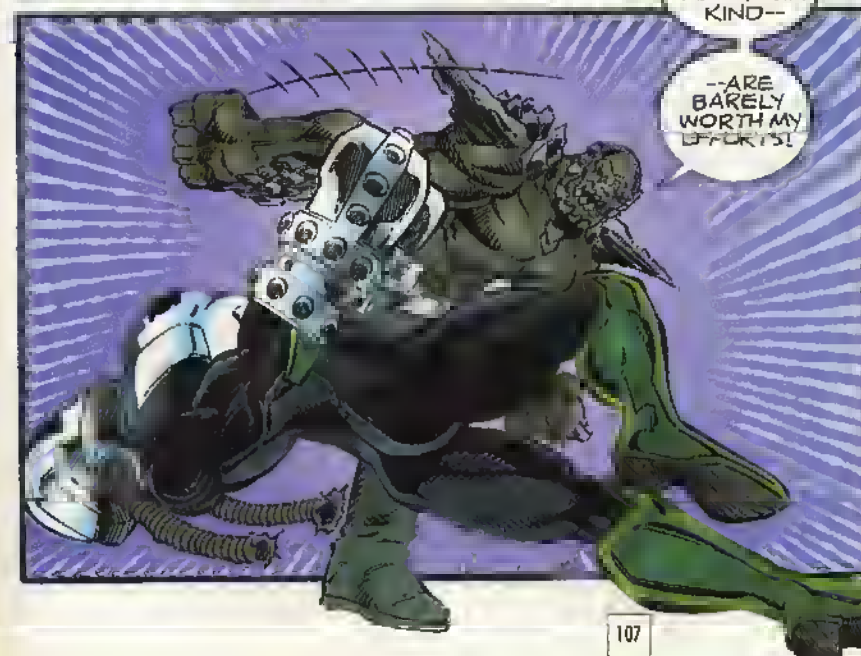


'COURSE HE ALWAYS WAS HARD-HEADED.

SOMETHING BROKE! HOPE IT WASN'T A PRECIOUS VASE--

--FROM THE MING DYNASTY!







CAN'T UNDER-
STAND WHY WE
HAVEN'T HEARD
FROM CLARK
SINCE--

SSH! DID
YOU HEAR
WHAT SHE
SAID?

...REPEATING...
THIS HOUR'S TOP
STORY IS THE
DISAPPEAR-
ANCE...

...OF LEXAIR
FLIGHT 367
EN ROUTE FROM
KANSAS TO
ATLANTA,
GEORGIA.

MILITARY SOURCES
CLAIM THE FLIGHT
MIGHT WELL HAVE
BEEN DOWNED OVER
GEORGIA AS PART OF
THE ONGOING BATTLE
WITH DOOMSDAY!



L
LEXAIR



DOOMS-
DAY?

OH, MY... PETE
SAID HE WAS
GOING TO
ATLANTA!



IF HE WAS ON
THAT
PLANE...

--IF CLARK
GOT TANGLED
UP WITH
DOOMSDAY...

HUSH, LANA.
NO SENSE
WORRYING NOW.
WE HAVE TO
HAVE FAITH--

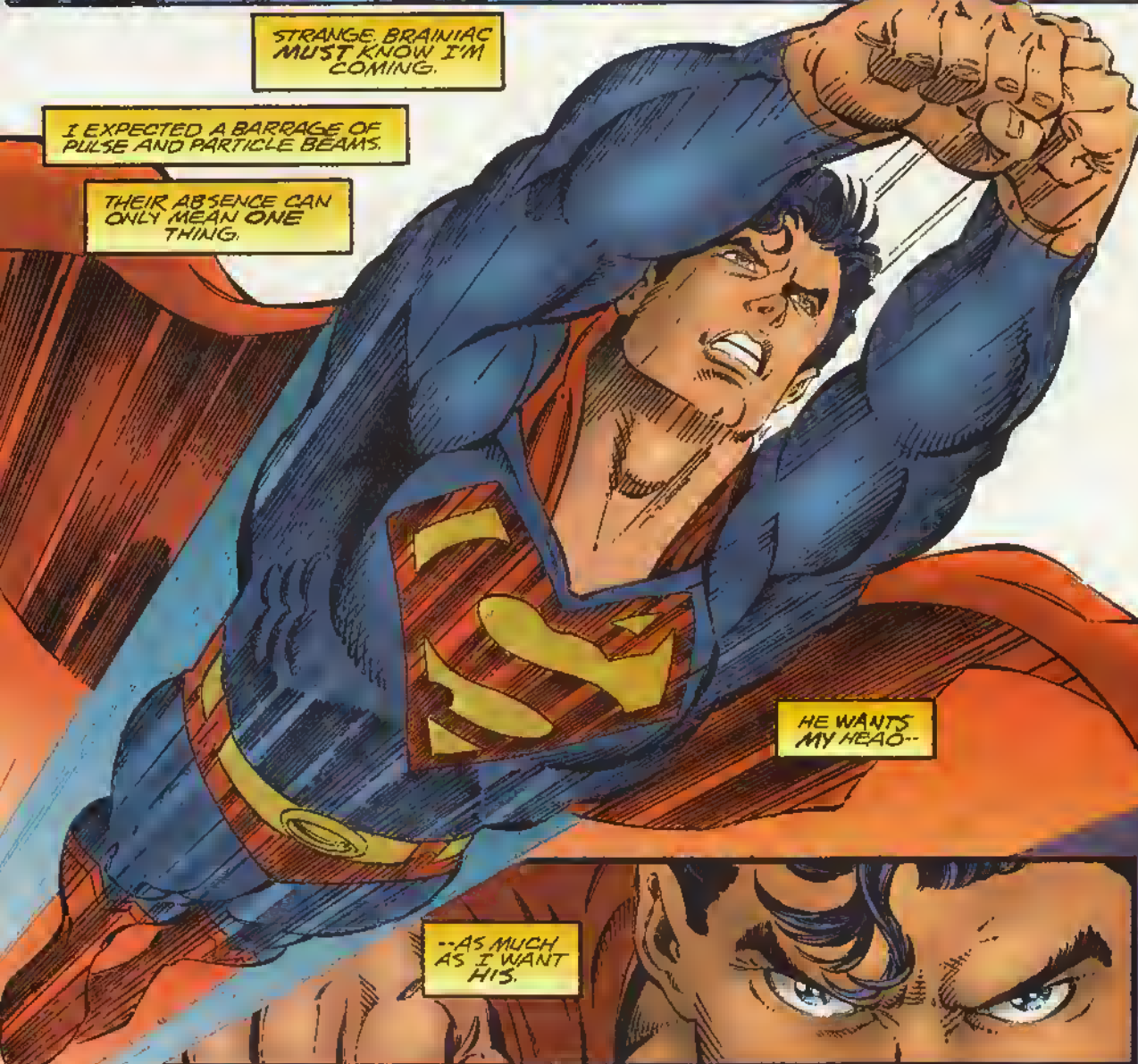
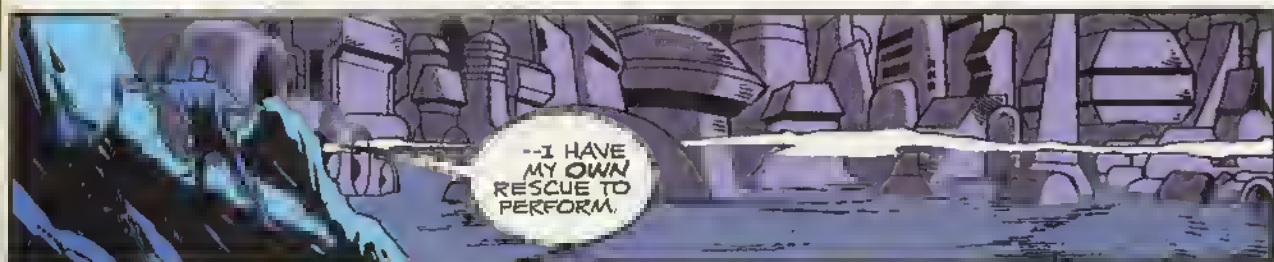


"--THAT CLARK WILL COME
THROUGH FOR ALL OUR
SAKES."

HEY!
ANYONE
SEEN THAT
NUT CASE WHO
TRIED TO
PUNCH OUT
SUPERMAN?



ADIOS, PEOPLE.
WHILE YOU WAIT
FOR RESCUE
CHOPPERS--



AND I INTEND
TO GET IT.

BRAM

SKOWNNN



THIS COLLUSION MONSTROSITY
IS EATING UP REAL ESTATE
FASTER THAN LOIS MOVES
ON A HOT TIP.

KEEPS BUILDING AND
GROWING FROM THE
CENTER OUTWARD.

I'LL TRASH AS
MUCH AS I CAN--

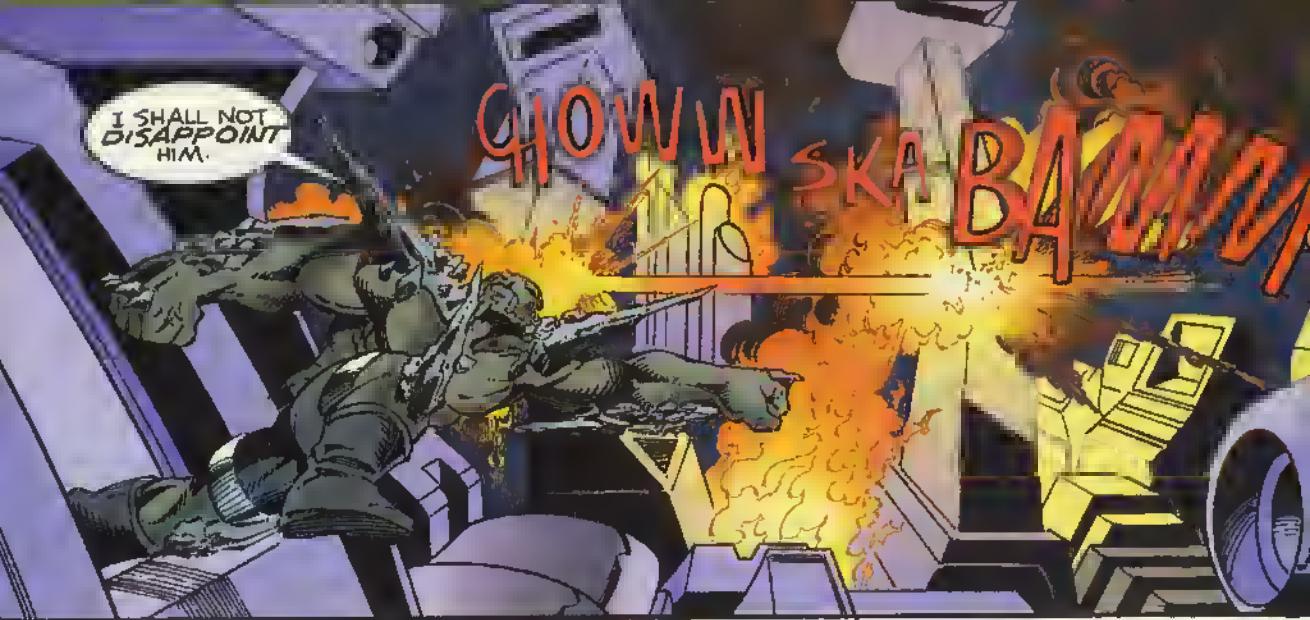
--INFLECT AS MUCH
DAMAGE AS
POSSIBLE--

--BEFORE I MAKE
HIM SO MAD THAT
HE CAN'T IGNORE
ME.

THE FOOL DOESN'T
REALIZE THAT ANY-
THING HE DESTROYS
WILL BE REBUILT
WITHIN
HOURS?

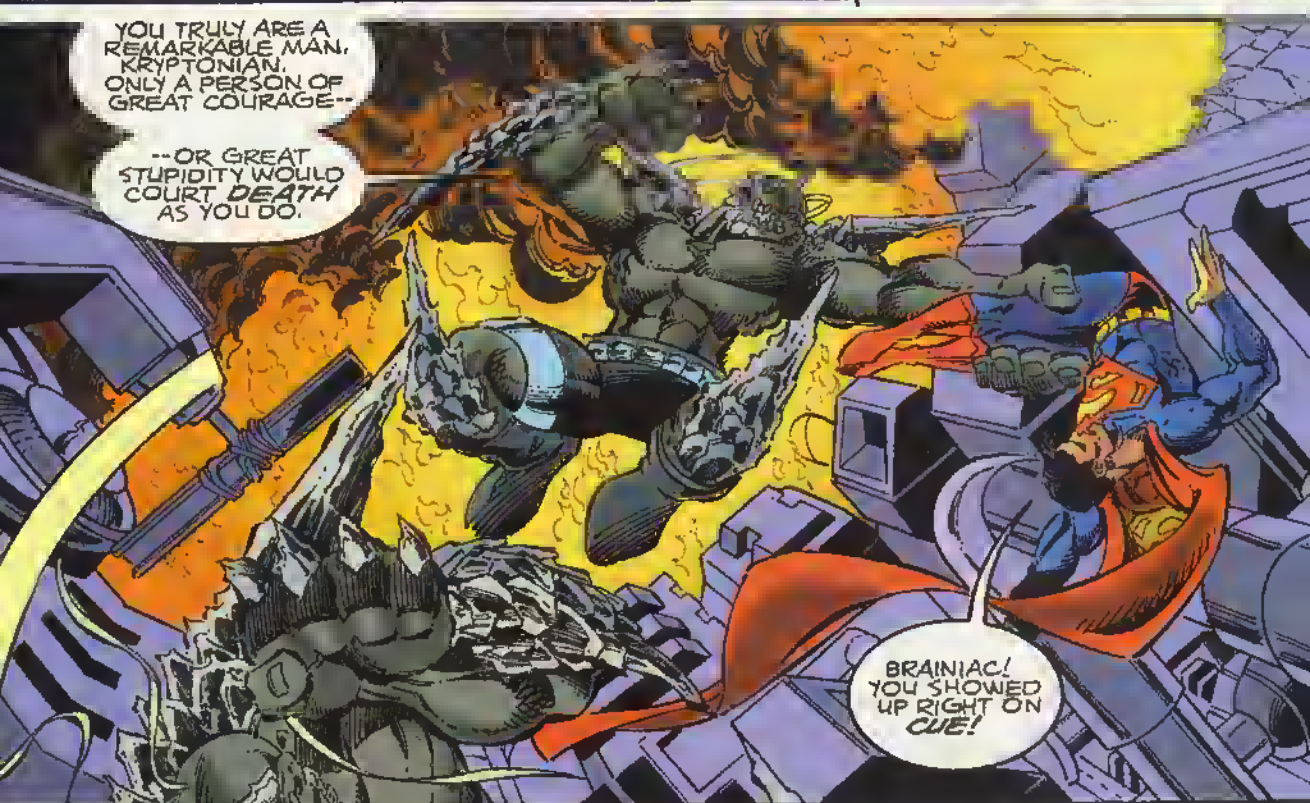
OF COURSE
HE DOES.
DESTRUCTION
ISN'T HIS
GOAL.

I
AM.



I SHALL NOT
DISAPPOINT
HIM.

SHOWN SKA BAAAA



YOU TRULY ARE A
REMARKABLE MAN,
KRYPTONIAN.
ONLY A PERSON OF
GREAT COURAGE--

--OR GREAT
STUPIDITY WOULD
COURT DEATH
AS YOU DO.

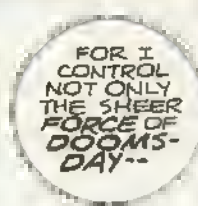
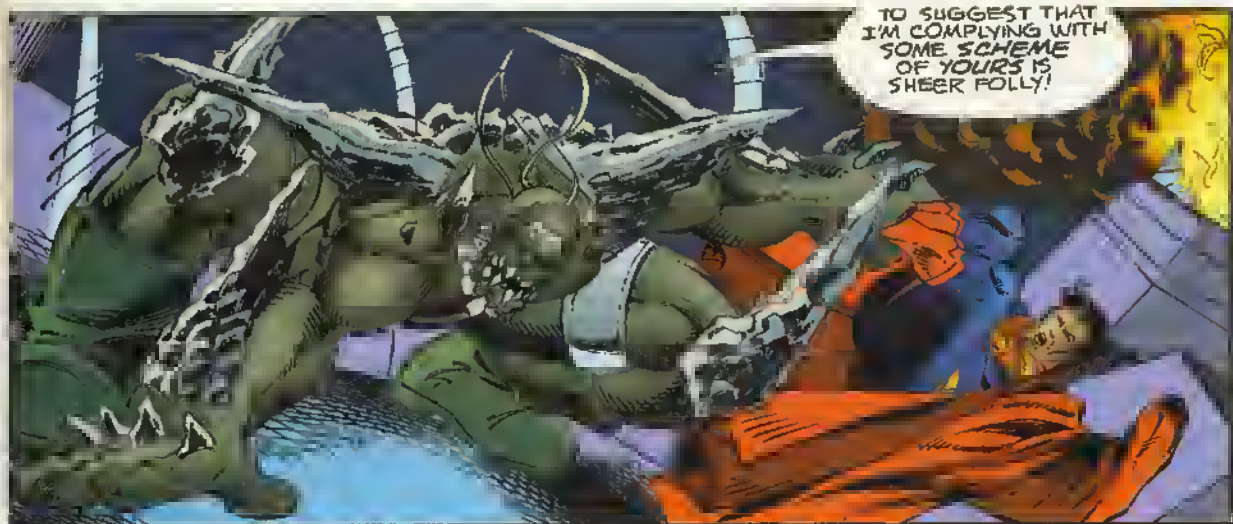
BRAINIAC!
YOU SHOWED
UP RIGHT ON
CUE!



INSOLENT
IDIOT!

DON'T YOU
REALIZE THAT
YOU CANNOT
POSSIBLY
SURVIVE THIS
ENCOUNTER?

ARGH!:-



"-- BUT THE
COMBINED
FORCES--

"-- OF
EACH
WEAPON--

"-- EVERY
DEFENSIVE
MEASURE

"-- AND LETHAL
INSTRUMENT--

"-- INSTALLED
THROUGHOUT--

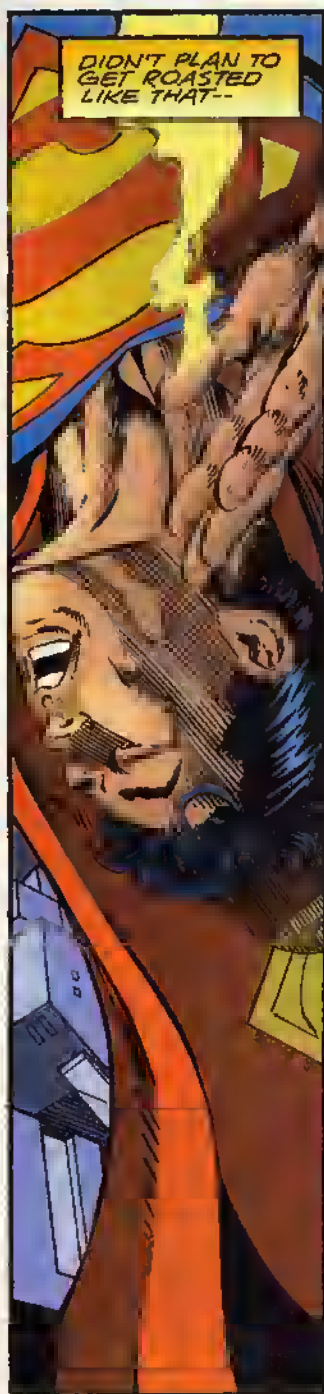
"-- THIS
ENTIRE
COM-
PLEX--

"-- OF
DEATH!"





SUPERMAN?
OH, MY--!



DIDN'T PLAN TO
GET ROASTED
LIKE THAT--



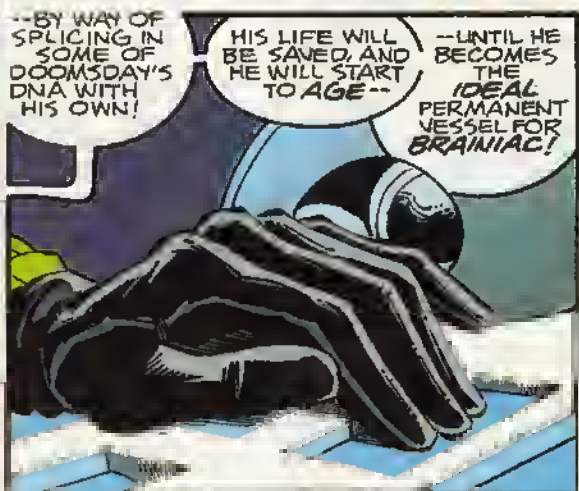
--BUT IF I DIDN'T,
PETE WOULD'VE
BEEN DETECTED
AND BLAST--

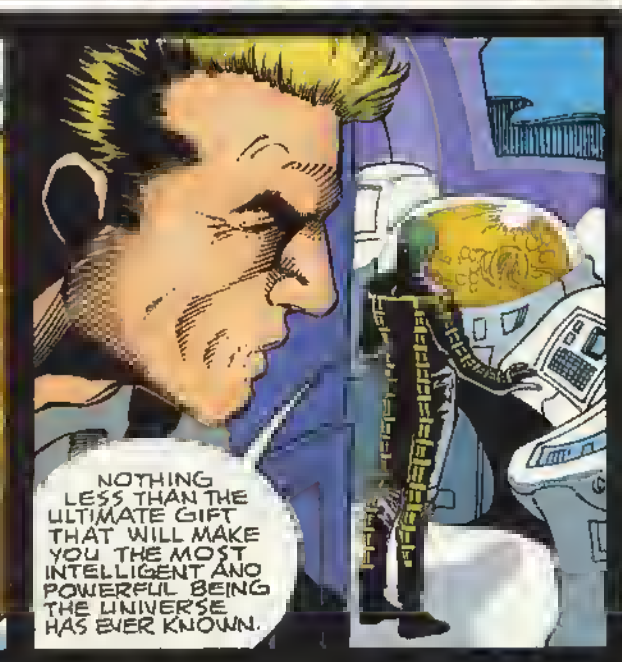
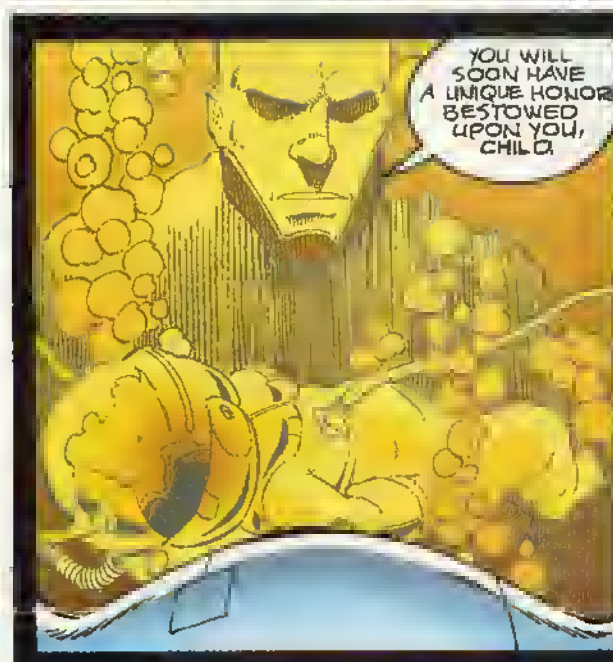
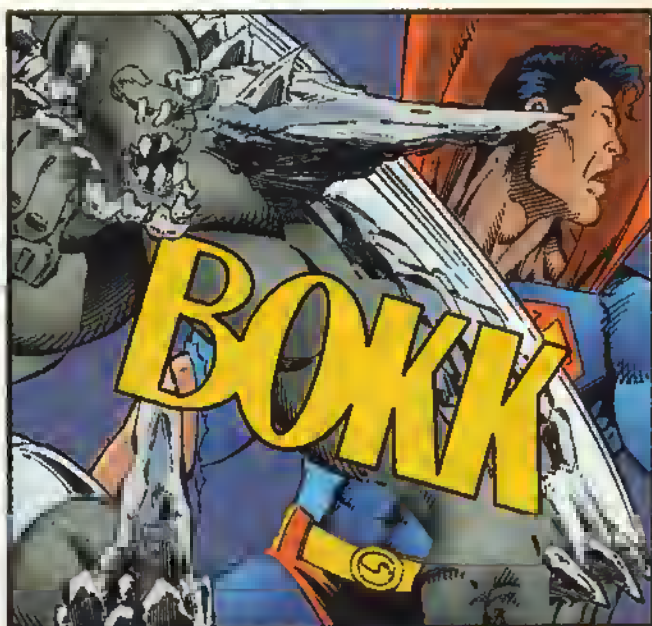


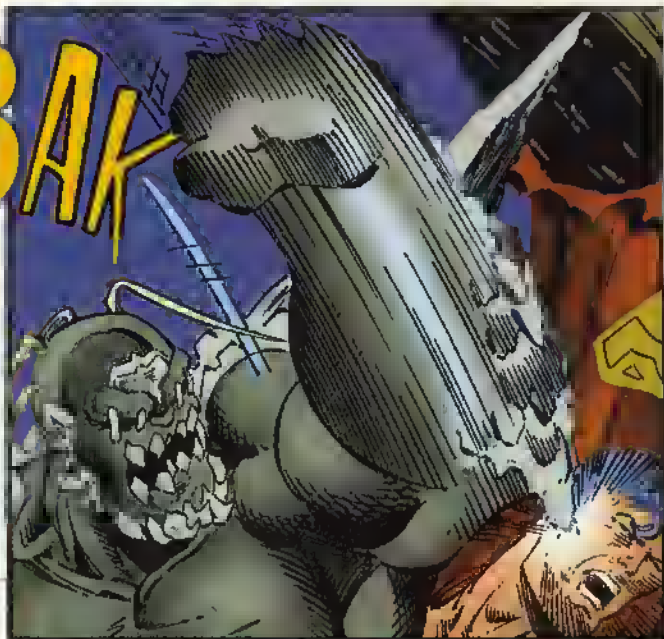
--BLASSSS...



WUDD





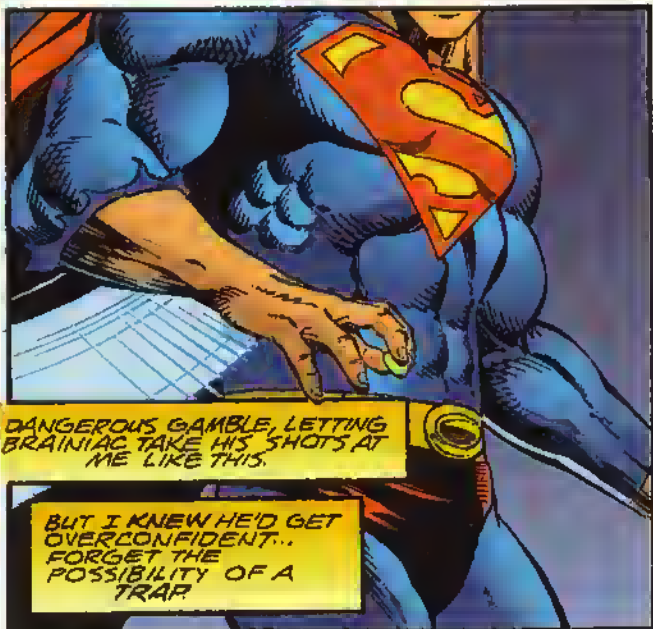




YOU'RE
RIGHT.

THIS
ENDS
NOW.

BUT YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO
WON'T BE
COMING BACK.



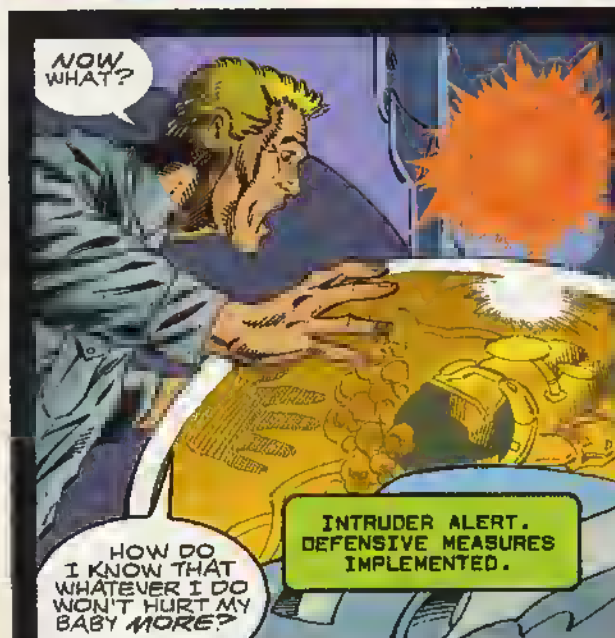
DANGEROUS GAMBLE, LETTING
BRAINIAC TAKE HIS SHOTS AT
ME LIKE THIS.

BUT I KNEW HE'D GET
OVERCONFIDENT...
FORGET THE
POSSIBILITY OF A
TRAP.



REMEMBER THE
PSI-BLOCKER
THAT STOPPED
YOU FROM CON-
TROLLING ME?

GUESS WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN
IT'S SLAPPED ON
DOOMSDAY?



NOW
WHAT?

HOW DO
I KNOW THAT
WHATEVER I DO
WON'T HURT MY
BABY MORE?

INTRUDER ALERT.
DEFENSIVE MEASURES
IMPLEMENTED.



DEFENSIVE
MEASURES
COMPLETE.



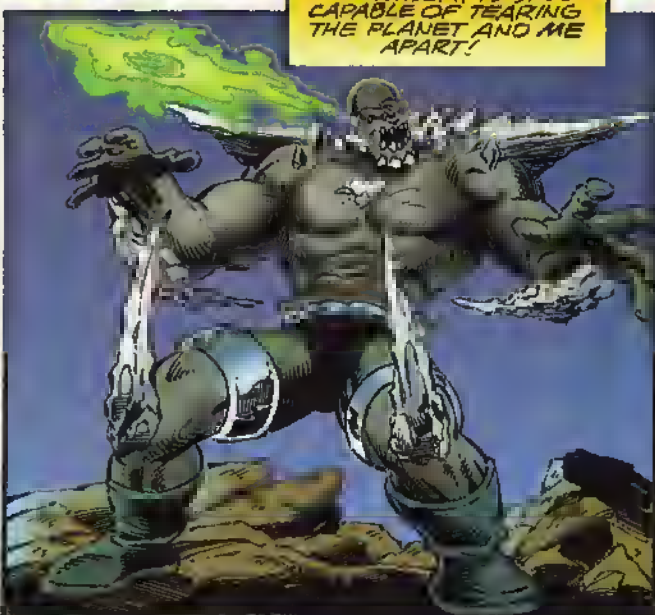
HARD TO MOVE?
HARD TO MAKE THE
MONSTER DO WHAT
YOU WANT?

YOU'RE
DONE,
BRAINIAC.

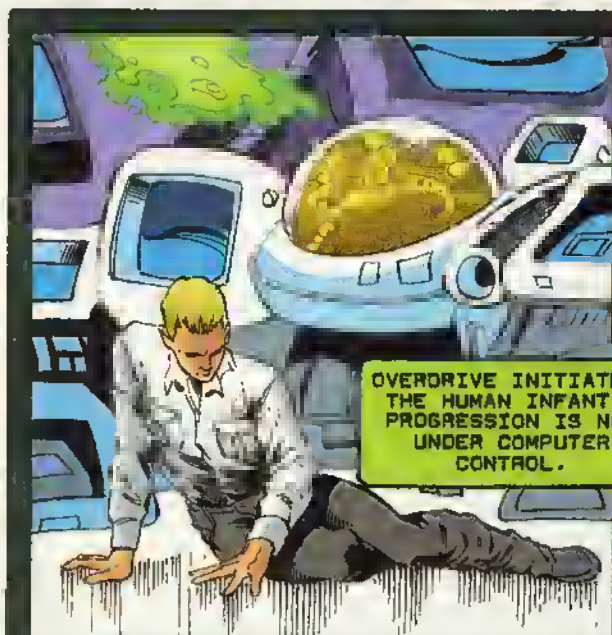


FINISHED.

NOT MUCH
TIME TO PULL
THIS OFF
HAVE TO HOPE
MY PLAN
WORKS, BE-
CAUSE EVEN
WITHOUT
BRAINIAC
CONTROLLING
HIM--



--DOOMSDAY IS STILL
CAPABLE OF TEARING
THE PLANET AND ME
APART!



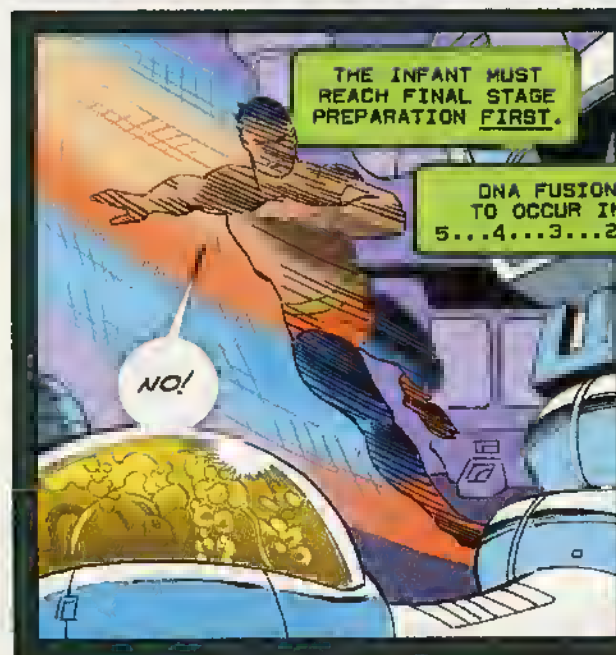
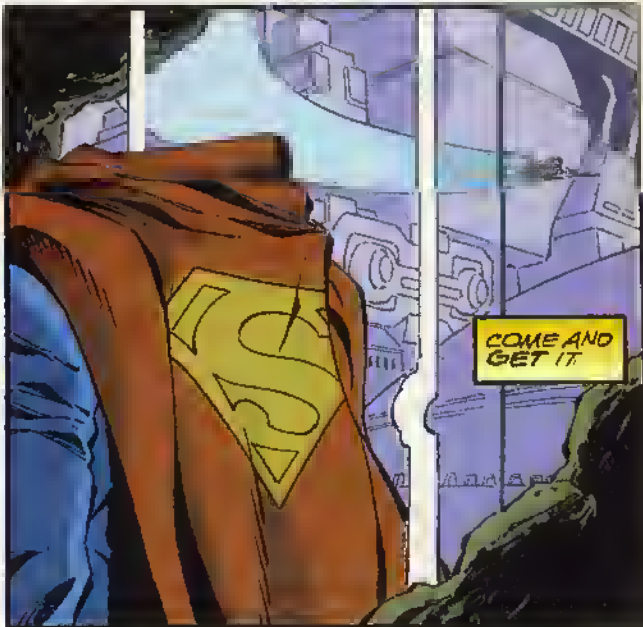
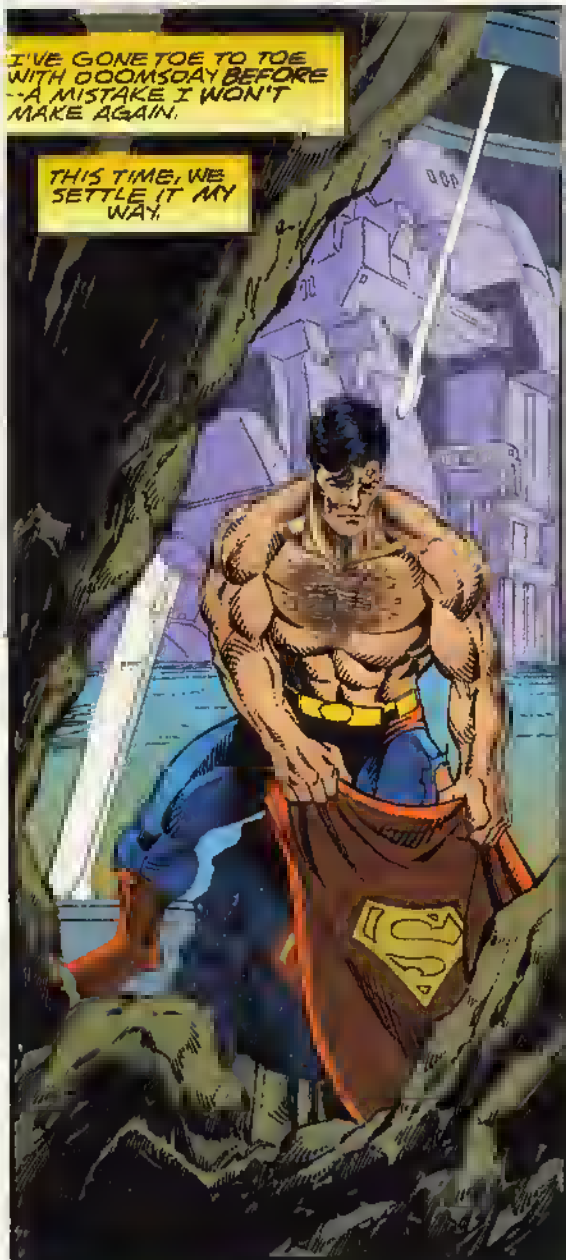
OVERDRIVE INITIATED.
THE HUMAN INFANT'S
PROGRESSION IS NOW
UNDER COMPUTER
CONTROL.



ANOMALY REPORTED
AN INTELLIGENCE IS
ATTEMPTING TO
INVADE THE INFANT.

ANALYSIS CONCLUDES
THE INTELLIGENCE IS
BRAINIAC.

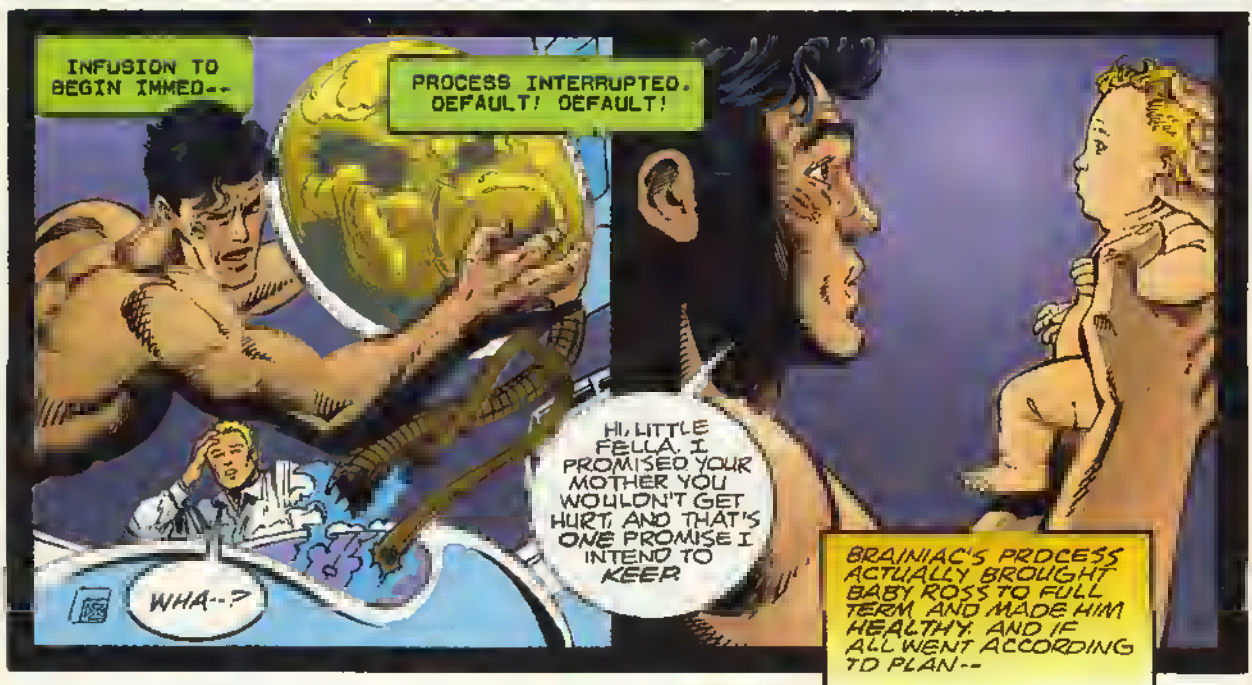
DON'T WAIT! INITIATE
THE FUSION AND LET
ME IN NOW!



RAHHR-SUPER



MANNN!



INFUSION TO
BEGIN IMMED--

PROCESS INTERRUPTED.
DEFAULT! DEFAULT!

HI, LITTLE
FELLA. I
PROMISED YOUR
MOTHER YOU
WOULDN'T GET
HURT, AND THAT'S
ONE PROMISE I
INTEND TO
KEEP

WHA--?

BRAINIAC'S PROCESS
ACTUALLY BROUGHT
BABY ROSS TO FULL
TERM, AND MADE HIM
HEALTHY. AND IF
ALL WENT ACCORDING
TO PLAN--

--AND DOOMSDAY REACTED AS EXPECTED. HE'S IN THE JLA TRANSPORTER I RIGGED UP RIGHT ABOUT NOW.

RUH?



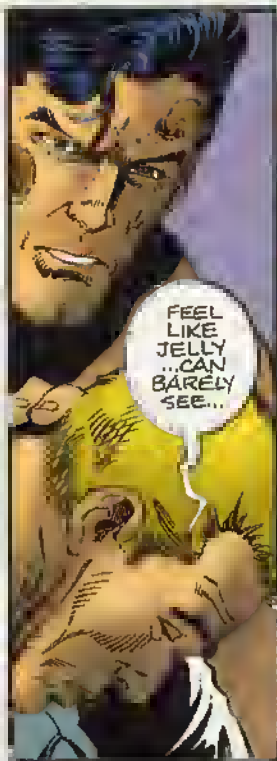
GIVEN TIME, HE'LL FIND HIS WAY OFF THE MOON, BUT HE'LL HOLD FOR NOW.

VRRMMMMM

GRRAA
AHHHH!



GET YOUR
HEAD TOGETHER,
PETE. I NEED
YOU.



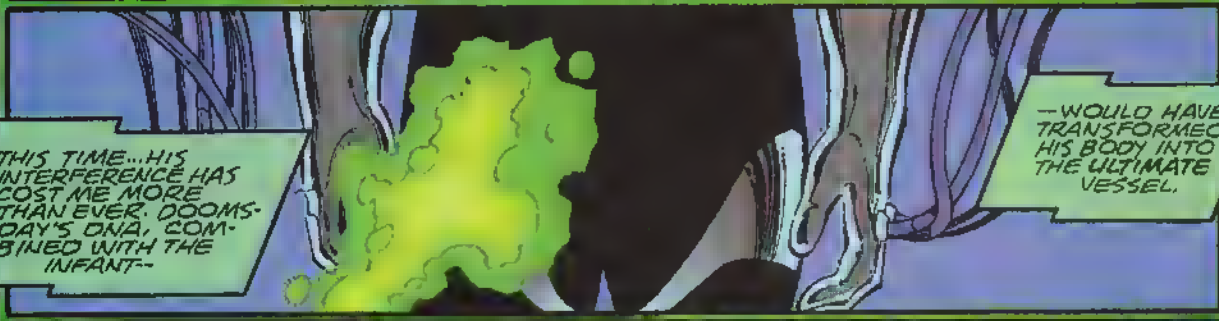


--BUT HE UNDOUBTEDLY
HAS A BACKUP PLAN.

INFERNAL
KRYPTONIAN!

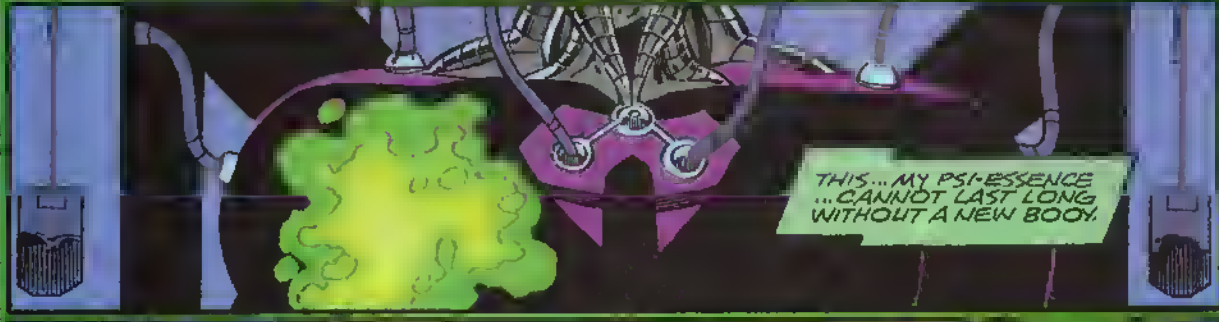


I HAVE COLLIDED WITH
HIM ENOUGH TIMES TO
LAST A DOZEN LIVES!




THIS TIME...HIS
INTERFERENCE HAS
COST ME MORE
THAN EVER. DOOMS-
DAY'S DNA, COM-
BINED WITH THE
INFANT--

--WOULD HAVE
TRANSFORMED
HIS BODY INTO
THE ULTIMATE
VESSEL.



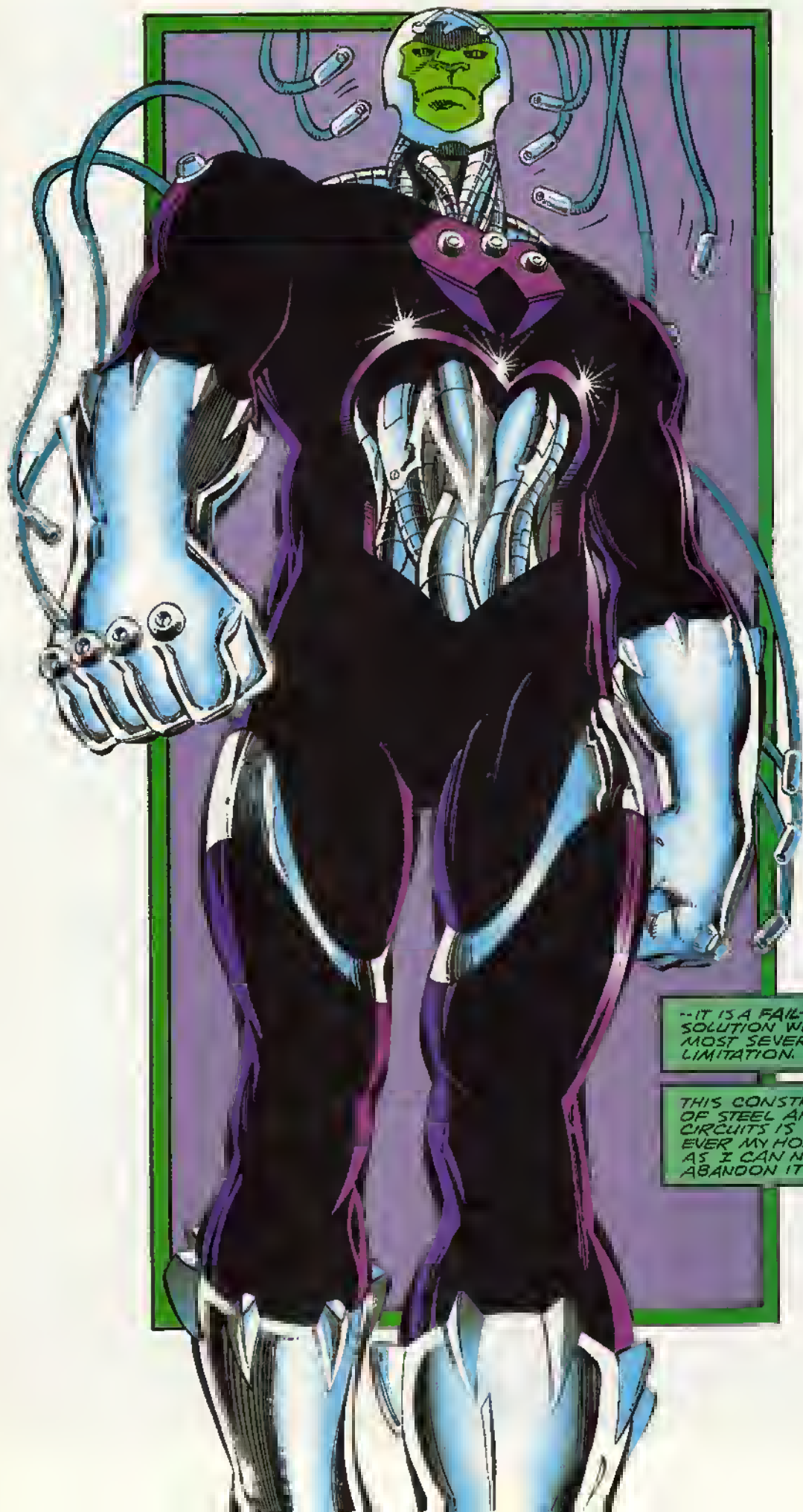
THIS...MY PSI-ESSENCE
...CANNOT LAST LONG
WITHOUT A NEW BODY.



IN THE EVENT
OF DISASTER,
VNOK HAD THIS
ALTERNATE
REFUGE PRE-
PARED.



UNFORTUNATELY--



--IT IS A FAIL-SAFE
SOLUTION WITH A
MOST SEVERE
LIMITATION.

THIS CONSTRUCT
OF STEEL AND
CIRCUITS IS FOR-
EVER MY HOME,
AS I CAN NEVER
ABANDON IT!

HEAD FEELS
LIKE IT WAS
RUN OVER BY
A FLEET OF
TRUCKS!

MATCHES
YOUR
LOOKS

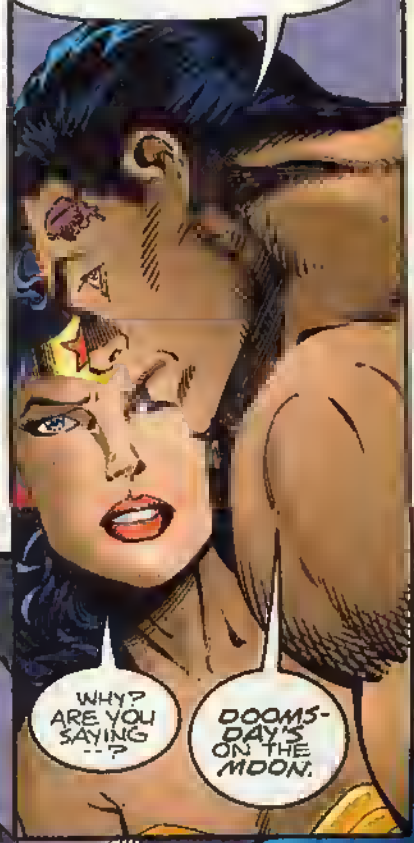
WERE I RESCUED
BY A LESSER MAN
THAN YOU, MY
SHAME WOULD
BE GREAT,
SUPERMAN.

I'VE SET UP A TRANSPORTER
BOOTH AT THE WEST EDGE
OF THIS COMPLEX. MEET ME
AT THE WATCHTOWER!



DON'T SWEAT
IT, ORION. YOU
WERE UP AGAINST
TOUGH ODDS.
DIANA?

I'LL BE FINE
AS SOON AS I
CAN CATCH
MY BREATH!
WHAT'S
NEXT?



WHY?
ARE YOU
SAYING
--?

DOOMS-
DAY'S
ON THE
MOON.

ORION
NEEDS NO
TRANSPORT BOOTH
FOR SUCH A JOURNEY!
I SHALL JOIN YOU
FOR THE BATTLE TO
COME.

KEEP
UP
IF YOU
CAN!



NO CHANCE OF
THAT. I STORM
OUT SO FAST
THAT EVEN
LIGHTRAY
WOULD BE
LEFT BEHIND.

THIS IS DOOMS-
DAY WE'RE
TALKING ABOUT.

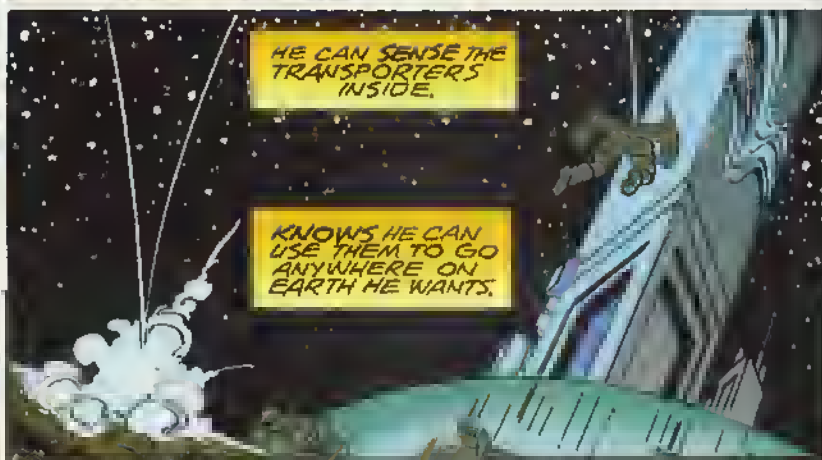
HE'S THE
ULTIMATE
SURVIVOR

INCAPABLE
OF PERMANENT
DEFEAT OR
DEATH.



WITH SO LITTLE
GRAVITY, HE'S
PROBABLY COVERED
HALF THE MOON
LOOKING FOR A
WAY OFF.

BY NOW HE'S
FOUND THE
WATCHTOWER.



HE CAN SENSE THE
TRANSPORTERS
INSIDE.

KNOWS HE CAN
USE THEM TO GO
ANYWHERE ON
EARTH HE WANTS.

EVERY SECOND
WE WASTE
WORKS IN HIS
FAVOR.



I REFUSE TO
LET THAT HAPPEN.



ONLY ONE OF US WILL
WALK AWAY THIS TIME.



AND IT WON'T
BE DOOMSDAY.



EFFECTIVE,
BUT NOT EXACTLY
WHAT I HAD
IN MIND.*

YOU WANT I
SHOULD WHIP
UP A MARTIAN
BABE NEXT
TIME?

NICE MOVE
TRANSPORTING
DOOMSDAY UP
HERE, SUPERMAN!
TOO BAD WE CAN'T
BOUNCE HIS BONY
BUTT ALL OVER
THE UNIVERSE
THAT WAY!

*THROUGH THE
MARTIAN MANHUNTER,
THE JLA COMMUNICATE
IN SPACE
TELEPATHICALLY.

LANTERN, YOU'RE
A GENIUS! THAT'S
THE ANSWER!

ME? A
GENIUS?

KEEP
DOOMSDAY
BUSY UNTIL
I GET BACK
TO END
THIS!

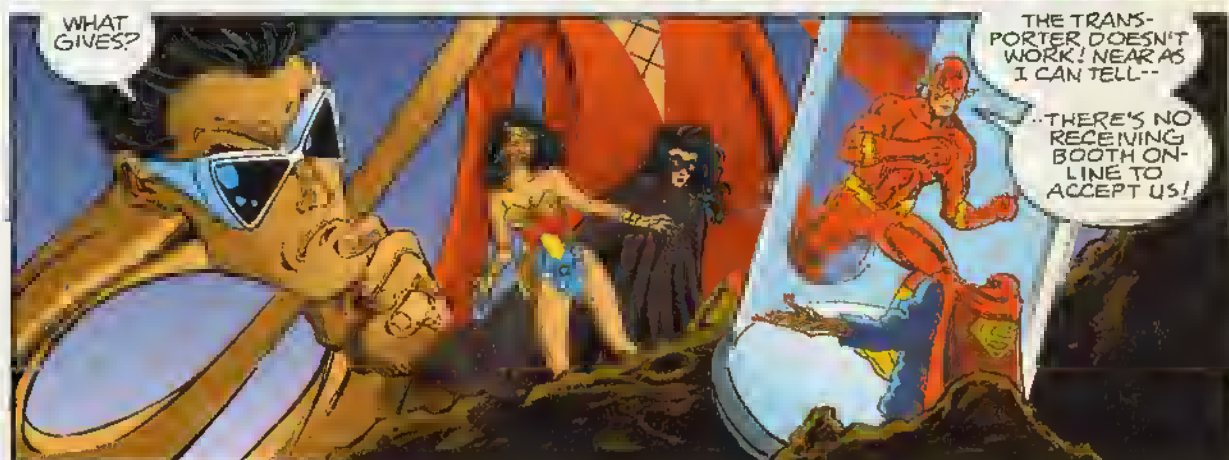
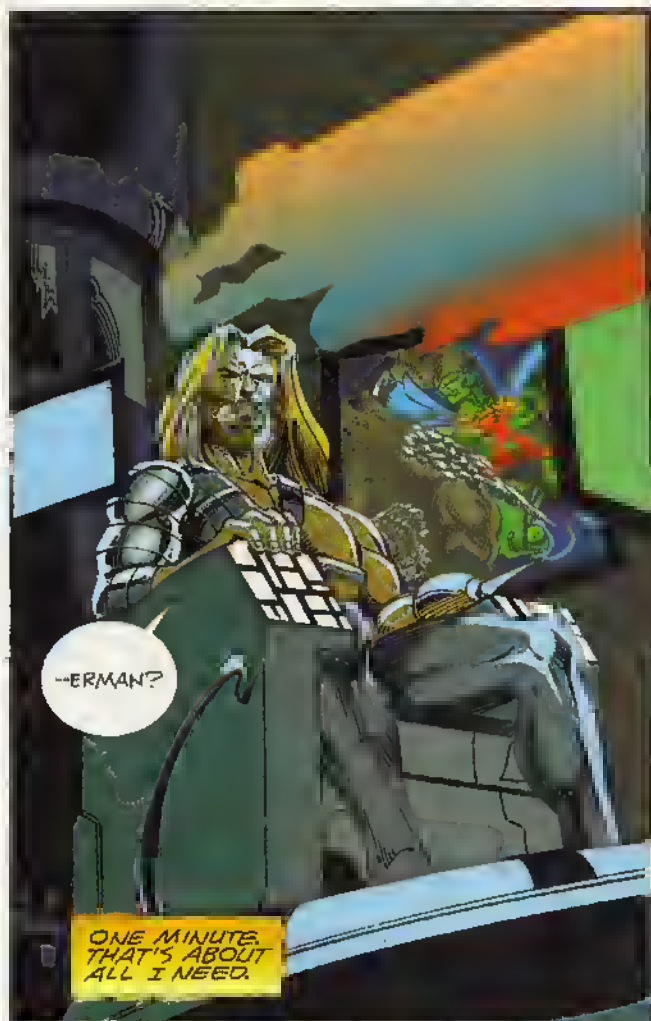
I SHALL
DO MORE
THAN KEEP
HIM BUSY.

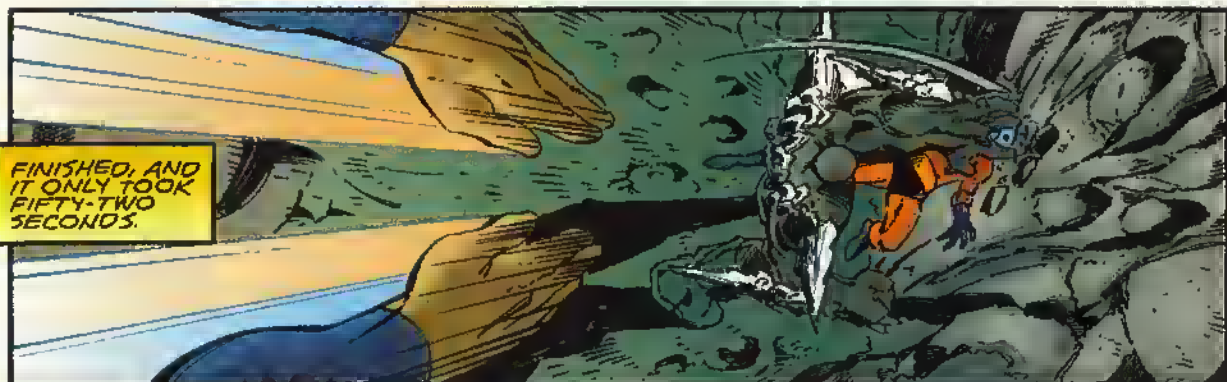
EASY,
ORION.
SUPERMAN
HAS A
PLAN IN
MIND..

I HAVE
EVERY
INTENTION
OF ENDING
THIS
MYSELF!

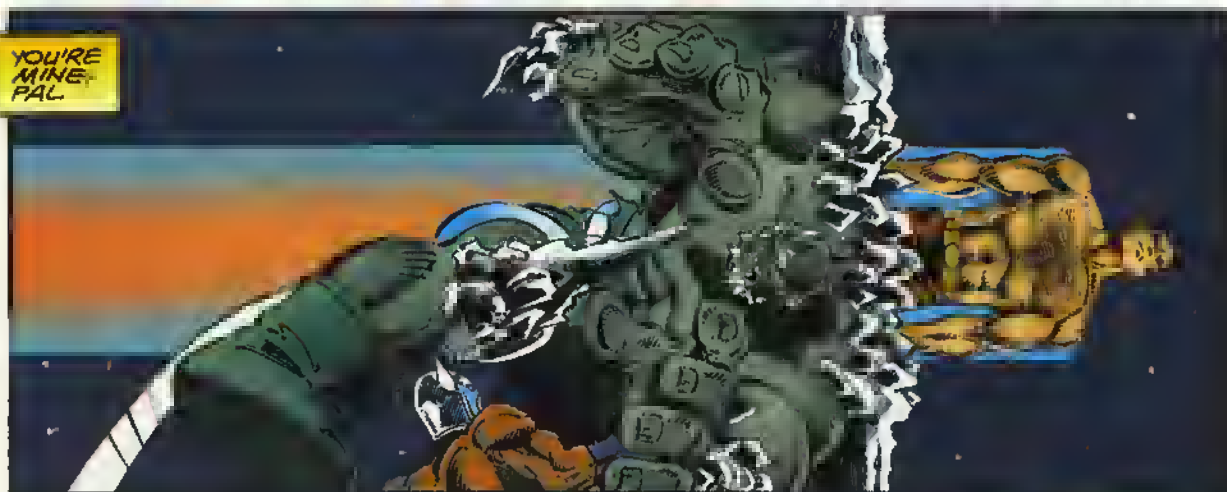
"--AND WE WOULD
DO WELL TO
FOLLOW HIS
LEAD."

WHERE'D
HE GO?
WHERE'S
SLIP--





FINISHED, AND
IT ONLY TOOK
FIFTY-TWO
SECONDS.



YOU'RE
MINE,
PAL



AND YOU
WON'T BE
COMING
BACK





FOUR
TRANSPORTER
BOOTH'S? WHERE
ARE YOU
SENDING
HIM?

ALPHA
CENTAURI? THE
KHUNO HOME
WORLD?

OR EVEN
WORSE...AN
ALTERNATE UNI-
VERSE WHERE
THEY ONLY
SHOW "SAVED
BY THE BELL"
RERUNS?

NO MATTER
WHERE I SEND
DOOMSDAY,
HE'D FIND A
WAY OUT.

THAT'S WHY
HE'S STAYING
HERE, IN A
CONSTANT STATE
OF TRANSPORT,
FOREVER SPLIT
AMONG FOUR
TRANSPORTER
BOOTH'S.

NEVER
MORE THAN
25% INTEGRATED.
UNABLE TO
THINK OR FREE
HIMSELF



OUT-
STANDING!

ACCORDING TO
THIS, THE BATTERIES
IN THOSE THINGS
WILL LAST
CENTURIES!

AND IF
SOMEONE
SHOULD TRY
TO TAKE
DOOMSDAY?

--TO IMMEDIATELY
SEND HIM TO A
LOCATION ONLY
I KNOW OF

RIGHT NOW,
PRIORITY ONE
P. BRAIN, C.

IMPOSSIBLE,
SHOULD THE
TRANSPORTERS
BE TAMPERED
WITH, THEY'RE
PROGRAMMED--



ANY NEWS?

WE SCoured THE WHOLE COMPLEX, SUPERMAN. THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO TRACE OF BRAINIAC OR HIS LACKEY.

YOU'RE SURE BRAINIAC IS STILL ALIVE?

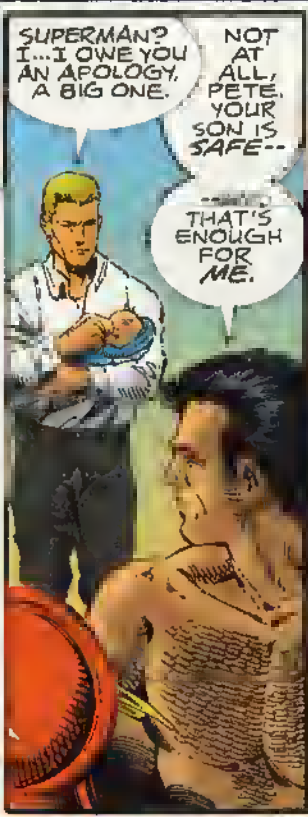
NO DOUBT. WITH ALL THIS COLLAN TECHNOLOGY AND HIS OWN RESOURCEFULNESS--

--HE'S STILL A THREAT



YOU GIVE HIM A LOT OF CREDIT.

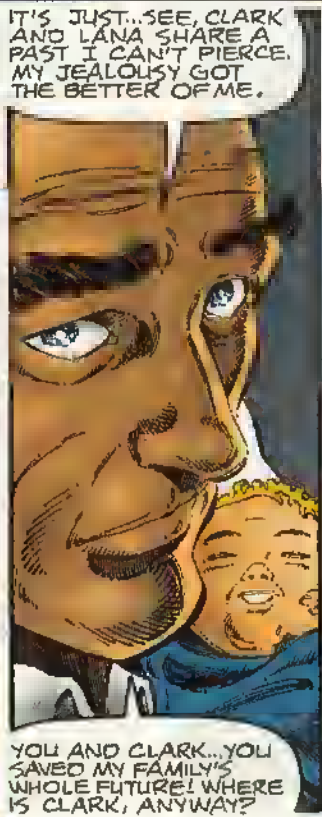
HE'S EARNED IT.



SUPERMAN? I...I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, A BIG ONE.

NOT AT ALL, PETE. YOUR SON IS SAFE--

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.



IT'S JUST...SEE, CLARK AND LANA SHARE A PAST I CAN'T PIERCE. MY JEALOUSY GOT THE BETTER OF ME.

YOU AND CLARK...YOU SAVED MY FAMILY'S WHOLE FUTURE! WHERE IS CLARK, ANYWAY?



SAFE. I'M GLAD THINGS WORKED OUT, PETE.

LIKE YOU SAID, "THERE'S ALWAYS HOPE," RIGHT?

TRUE, BUT YOU AREN'T BORN WITH THAT PHILOSOPHY.

IT COMES FROM THE ACTS OF KINDNESS AND GENEROSITY OF THOSE AROUND YOU.

I'M SORRY, JONATHAN. BUT WE HAVE TO GO FORWARD ON THIS. THE BANK'S MAIN OFFICE HAS LEFT ME NO CHOICE!

BUT I KNOW I CAN TURN THIS AROUND. I'M A GOOD FARMER.

MARTHA, DO YOU KNOW HOW AWFUL A MAN FEELS WHEN HE CAN'T PROVIDE FOR HIS OWN FAMILY?

WE'LL BE FINE, LORD WILLING. WE ALWAYS ARE.

HOW CAN YOU BE SO RELAXED ABOUT THIS, MA?

YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW. ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT, CLARK.

IT'S TIME, HERE THEY COME.

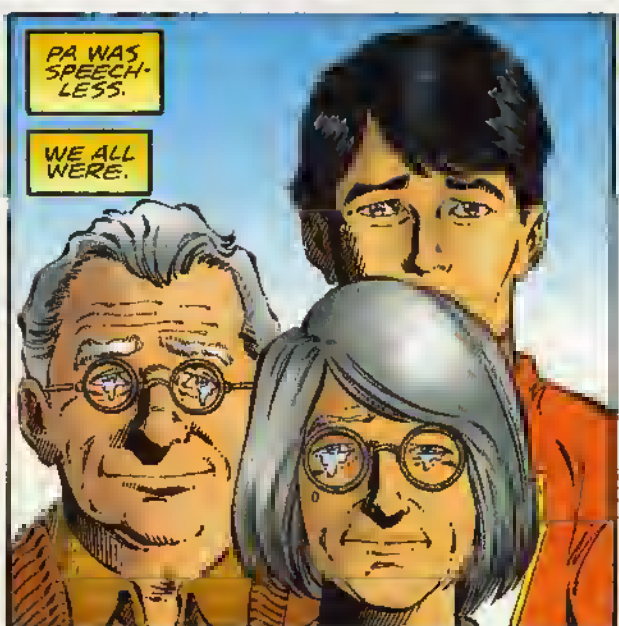
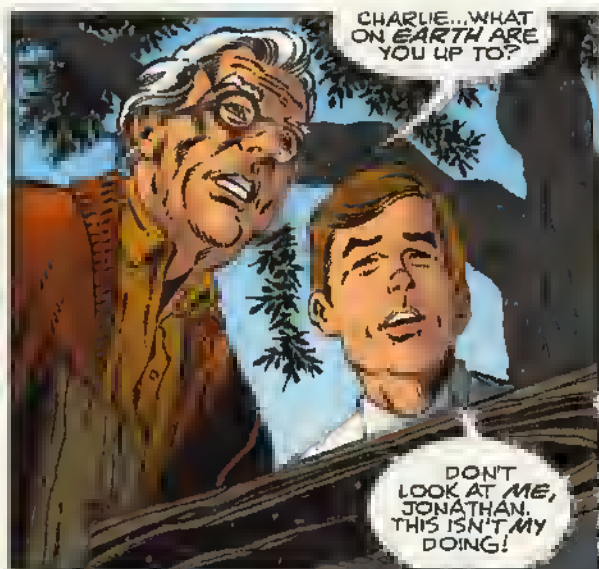
THIS WILL BE PAINFUL, JONATHAN. DON'T STAY FOR THE AUCTION.

AUCT

YOU'RE ACTUALLY GOING TO SELL EVERYTHING I OWN?

WHAT DID WE EVER DO TO DESERVE THIS?

VULTURES!



BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE TOO LONG FOR HIS PRIDE TO KICK IN!



I-- I CAN'T ACCEPT. IT'S TOO MUCH FOR YOU TO GIVE UP!

BESIDES... IT'S TOO LATE! THE BANK'S FORECLOSING!

NOT NECESSARILY, JONATHAN.

THANKS TO THE GRACIOUSNESS OF YOUR NEIGHBORS, I'D SAY YOU'RE WELL-STOCKED ENOUGH NOW TO KEEP UP WITH YOUR PAYMENTS.

WITHOUT THE COST OF STOCKING A HERD, YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR.



HOW CAN I LET YOU ALL SACRIFICE SO MUCH FOR... JUST US?



YOU AND MRS. KENT HAVE TREATED THE WHOLE COUNTY WITH NOTHING BUT KINDNESS, MR. KENT. WE AREN'T LEAVING YOU ANYTHING.

YOU EARNED THIS.

SO WE KEPT THE FARM.

AS THE HERD GREW, PA GAVE EVERYONE WHO CONTRIBUTED A NEW CALF IN RETURN.



HE SAID, "YOU HAVE TO KEEP SQUARE WITH PEOPLE, CLARK. ESPECIALLY WHEN IT COMES TO LIFE."

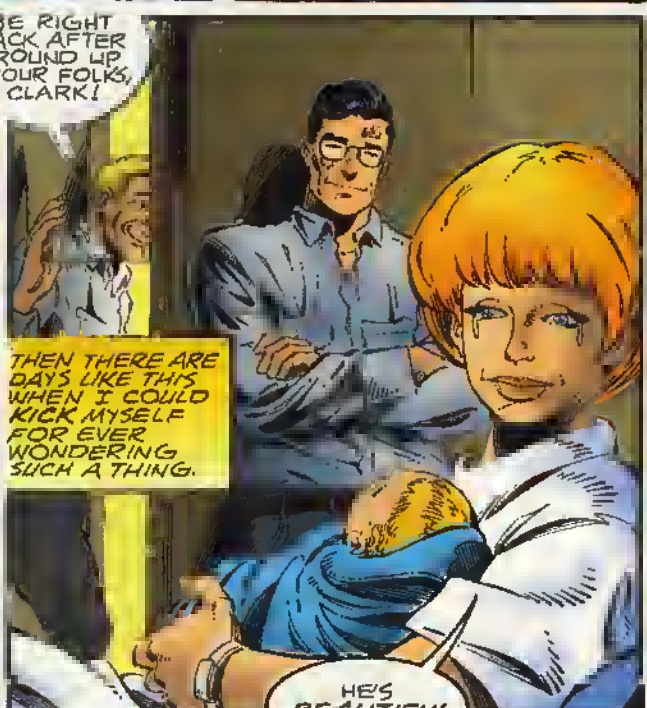


THERE ARE DAYS
WHEN I ASK
MYSELF IF IT'S
WORTH IT.

WHEN I SOME-
TIMES WONDER
HOW MUCH I
REALLY ACCOM-
PLISH BY
WEARING THE
CAPE.

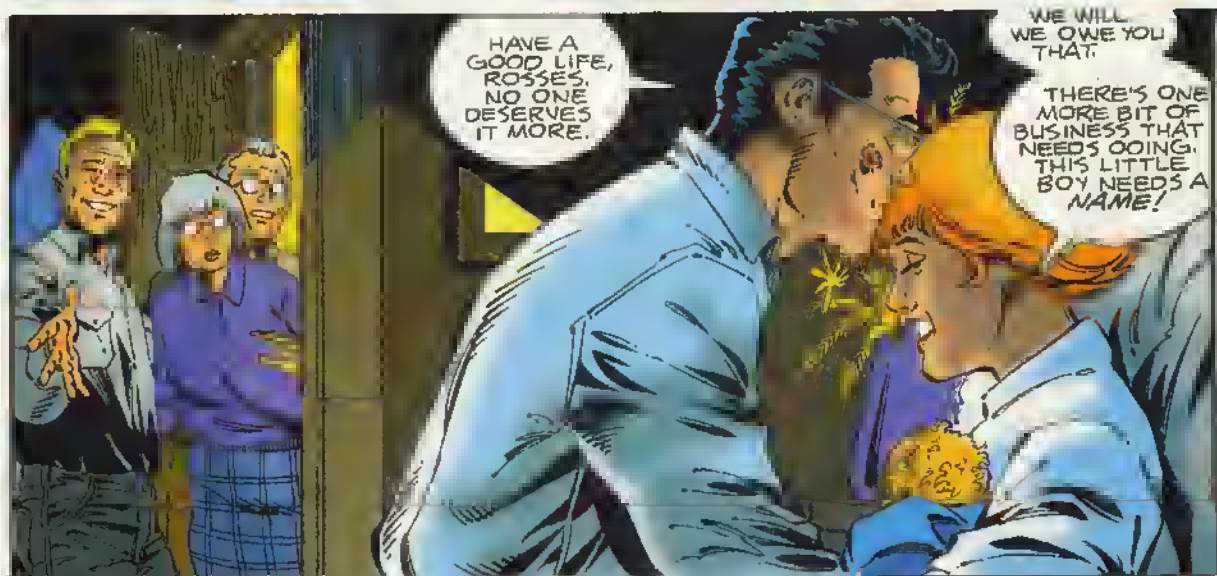


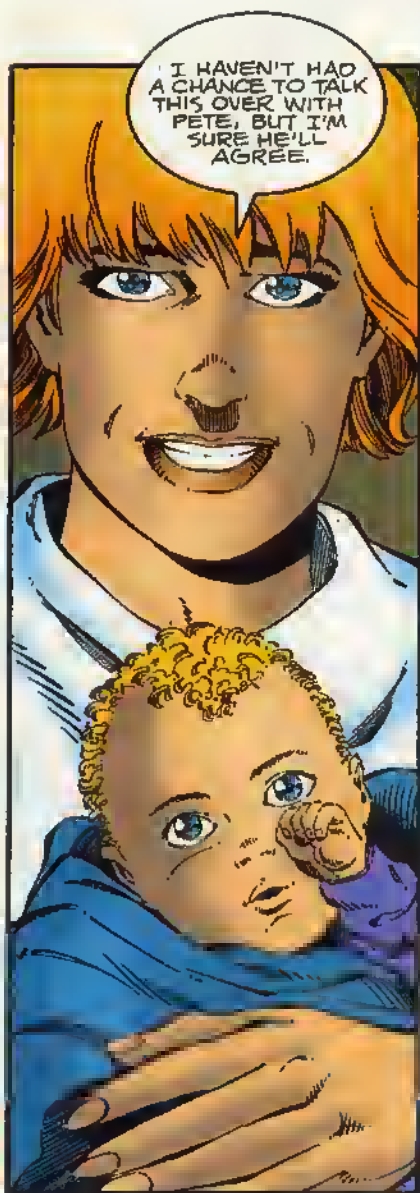
BE RIGHT
BACK AFTER
I ROUND UP
YOUR FOLKS,
CLARK!



THEN THERE ARE
DAYS LIKE THIS
WHEN I COULD
KICK MYSELF
FOR EVER
WONDERING
SUCH A THING.

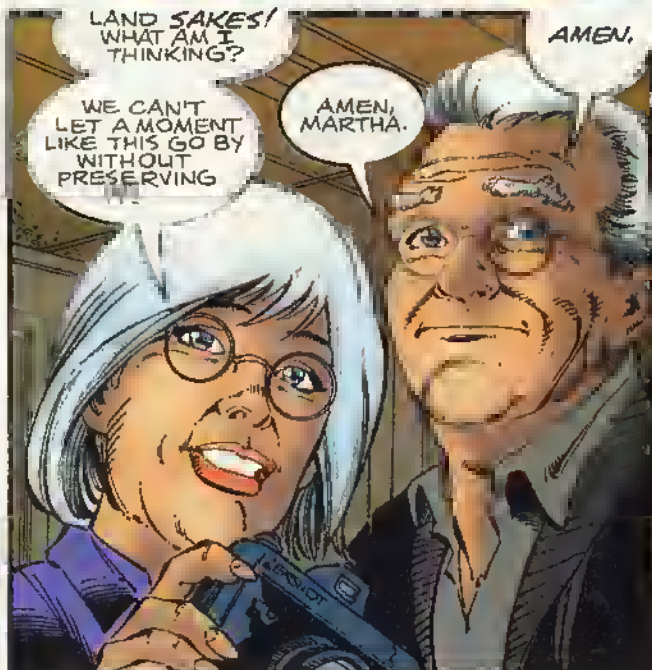
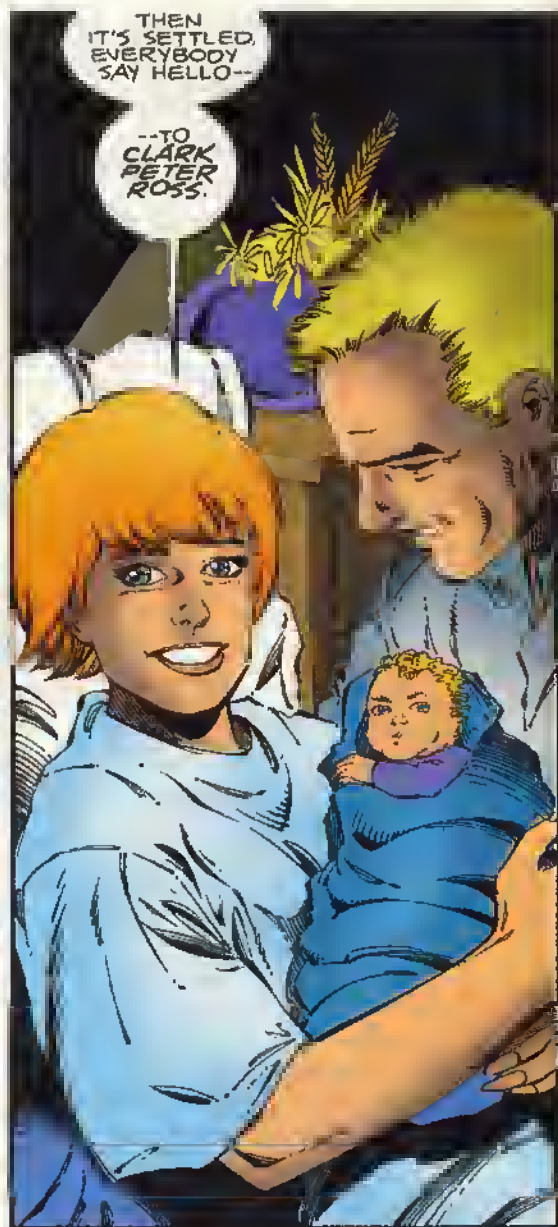
HE'S
BEAUTIFUL.





DARLING, I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

I'M ALL FOR IT, HON. ONE HUNDRED PERCENT.



EVER SINCE ADAM GRANT DIED, I'VE BEEN FRIGHTENED BY THE CONCEPT OF HAVING CHILDREN.

LOIS AND I ...WE MAY NEVER HAVE OUR OWN.

LITTLE CLARK ROSS MIGHT BE AS CLOSE AS I EVER GET, AND RIGHT NOW... THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.

THOUGH I'LL NEVER FORGET ADAM, MAYBE THE GUILT WILL EASE.

YES...

I THINK IT WILL.

THE END